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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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A WINTER MARCH.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 700.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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THE PENSION POISON.

THERE is a curious story going through the newspapers about the recent trial and conviction at Cresco, Iowa, of Special Pension-Examiner WAITE which deserves the serious attention of every good citizen. Mr. WAITE had done very effective service in exposing the conspiracy of one VAN LEUWEN and various confederates to defraud the government, and it was mainly upon the strength of the testimony collected by him that VAN LEUWEN was convicted and sent to the penitentiary, and that one of his confederates, a Dr. KESSEL, pleaded guilty to the indictment. In a community endowed with that moral sense which we suppose the average American citizen to possess, it might have been expected that the rascals so brought to justice would be the objects of public condemnation and contempt, and that the man who helped in putting a stop to their iniquities would receive his share of public praise and gratitude. But the people of Cresco, Iowa, and the people of Howard County, in which Cresco is situated, or at least enough of them to represent what is called public sentiment, prefer to honor the malefactors and to visit punishment upon the prosecutor of crime. Dr. KESSEL, while under indictment, was elected Mayor of Cresco without opposition, and great efforts are on foot to get VAN LEUWEN pardoned by the President. But Mr. WAITE, the meritorious pension-examiner, was, at the instance of the county attorney of Howard County, indicted by the Grand Jury and tried on the charge of having obtained testimony by a threat. Iowa papers report that the charge was supported by no testimony except that of the interested party and his wife; that it was denied *in toto* by WAITE, and that the denial was supported by corroborative evidence; that the course of the trial was such as to indicate clearly that "WAITE was prosecuted, not because guilty, but because he had been so largely instrumental in bringing about the conviction of VAN LEUWEN and KESSEL"; that WAITE was, in spite of all this, found guilty by the petit jury; and that the judge, apparently having no confidence in the case, imposed upon him only a light fine. Iowa papers also remark that it is difficult to understand the attitude of the people of Howard County, since they cannot wish to appear in the light of persons opposed to the exposure of flagrant frauds against the pension laws, and bent upon the persecution of any man daring to investigate such frauds.

We have no means of ascertaining the exact state of mind of the people of Howard County, Iowa, but we think we risk little in assuming that in that region our pension legislation has produced substantially the same moral effects as elsewhere, and that in Howard County, Iowa, these effects have only manifested themselves in an unusually striking way. Let us say at the start that we are heartily in favor of a just pension system securing a generous allowance to every soldier or sailor who was disabled by wounds or other injury received in the line of his duty. Such a system, honestly carried out, would have made the pension-roll, in the truest meaning, a roll of honor, and its effect upon the imagination and the moral sense of the people would in every respect have become a patriotic inspiration. But when pensions are scattered about broadcast on the pretence that those who have served the country as soldiers or sailors can, whatever the merit of their services, *never* be sufficiently rewarded; when bounty-jumpers and deserters are pensioned on the same terms with men who have really suffered in the service of their country; when it is known among the people—which it usually is, especially in country neighborhoods, where people are well acquainted with one another—that multitudes of persons draw pensions who have never suffered, and who have obtained their pensions upon flimsy or entirely false pretences or by downright fraud—then the effect upon the popular mind becomes a very different one. Then the public treasury appears to a great many as a mere grab-bag out of which everybody may get as much as he can. The undeserving or fraudulent pensioner is then no longer looked upon as an evil-doer, but only as a smart fellow; and the conscientious old soldier or sailor who does not consider himself justly and legally entitled to a pension, and therefore abstains from base tricks to get one, is set down as simply a fool.

When people have once arrived at this stage of loose thinking it is but a short step to the further conclusion that false swearing or forging testimony for obtaining a pension is a very slight offence, if any offence at all. They reason thus: A is just as much or as little entitled to a pension as B is. B has a pension, but A has none. If A commits a little perjury or forgery, or permits an enterprising pension agent to do it for him, there is no real wrong in it, for it serves only the ends of substantial justice as between A and B. Therefore, the man who does such things, or the agent who arranges them for others, is really guiltless. There is, however, another influence of great moment. In many communities the pensioners constitute a very considerable proportion of the customers of small business establishments, groceries, drinking-shops, and the like. The more pensioners there are, and the larger pensions they get, the more money they can spend; and many of the business men whose customers they are care little whether that money has been obtained justly or unjustly. They care only that there be much of it. They are among the most profoundly convinced adherents and the most zealous advocates of the doctrine that our enormously lavish pension expenditure is a good thing, because "it circulates money among the people." It is a curious fact that this notion is entertained even by some otherwise intelligent men, who seem to forget that the public treasury does not draw its funds from some mysterious outside reservoir, but that every penny in it has by taxation been drawn from the people themselves, mostly from people of small means—that is, not from hoards which otherwise would lie stagnant, but from the money already circulating among the people, thus being withdrawn from circulation while it passes through the treasury.

It is only logical that those who have been taught by the existing condition of things to see our pension business in such a light should regard a faithful government officer hunting up pension frauds and bringing the guilty parties to justice not at all as a meritorious public servant, to be honored and encouraged, but rather as a mischievous meddler, who takes the bread out of poor men's mouths, who disturbs business, who interferes with the circulation of money among the people, and who should be put down. These being the notions planted and developed among a large part of our population by our pension system—not to speak of the extent to which it has debauched the manhood of the politicians of all parties, and to which it has made confirmed paupers out of persons who otherwise would have been something better—we may well doubt whether the moral effect of that system has not been even worse for the country than its financial cost. Certainly it is the highest time to call a halt.

A THREATENED DANGER.

THERE is a suspicion abroad that many of the members of the State Democracy and some of its leaders are prepared to negotiate with HILL and MURPHY for union and harmony. Of course leaders like Mr. FAIRCHILD and Mr. WHEELER would not agree to union except under a stress of conditions that are not likely to exist, but there will certainly come a time when they will not be able to retain control of their followers if the latter see no hope of ultimate ascendency by remaining outside of what unfortunately continues to be the regular organization.

The probability of such a union and such harmony is a menace to the welfare of the State, and, to a degree, of the nation, for the influence of New York upon politics, and especially upon Democratic politics, is enormous. The State Democrats, especially those outside of the city, are active and experienced politicians. It is true that they are much better men than those who blindly and slavishly obey the machine controlled by HILL and MURPHY, and they have higher ideals in national politics. They have more respect for principles, and their leadership is of admirable character. But these men are nevertheless Democrats, and however little modern Democracy may seem to non-partisans to signify, it does mean a good deal to some men who have shown themselves to be good citizens. It seems to them to mean the programme that was worked out by JACKSON and VAN BUREN in the thirties, and that confidence in the people which THOMAS JEFFERSON professed, and which lies at the basis of the belief that the best government is obtained when as many as possible of governmental functions are left to the immediate care of the people in their several localities. It is idle to point out to these men that modern Democracy has more than once repudiated all that the Democratic fathers taught, and that it is quite likely that Democratic politicians will always surrender home-rule in exchange for appropriations by the general government. Notwithstanding all that can be said to this effect, the State Democrats are party men, and prefer the success of their own party and what they regard as its principles, to the success of the Republican or any other party. Moreover, as we have said before, many of them are politicians, and want office. They doubtless hoped that Mr. CLEVELAND's administration would prefer them to the HILL and MURPHY men in the distribution of Federal patronage, so far as appointments were made on party grounds. And undoubtedly such a distribution would have greatly aided the formation of an organization opposed to the regular machine. But the State Democrats, or Anti-Snappers, were disappointed, and there is apparently no prospect for the immediate gratification of the ambitions of the politicians among them. Mr. EVERETT P. WHEELER received 27,000 votes, and many more Democrats staid away from the polls or voted directly for Mr. MORTON. Democrats largely contributed to if they did not bring about the defeat of MAYNARD in 1893 and of HILL in 1894. But this abstention from the polls, and this voting for impossible candidates or for the enemy, cannot always continue.

This year we are dealing with partisans who think they have every reason, both as Democrats and good citizens, to vote against the Republican candidates. The scandalous record of the last Republican Legislature alone furnishes the excuse. Next year we shall be dealing with partisans whose loyalty to the national ticket will be appealed to. The serious question is whether the voters who have rebelled against the machine shall be permitted to drift back to it through a union that shall bring about that harmony which machine leaders like HILL and MURPHY are always preaching when they are likely to be defeated because of lack of it. Such a union would mean, of course, the continued ascendency of the old machine, which the Anti-Snappers began to fight by holding the May convention at Syracuse in 1892, thereby putting an end forever to HILL's ridiculous pretensions to the Presidency—a fight that was continued after HILL imposed MAYNARD upon the Democratic convention of 1893, and by the State Democracy, which grew out of the Anti-Snapper movement, when HILL himself became a candidate for Governor.

It does not seem to be necessary that this hopeful movement should be lost. It certainly is not for the interest of the State or the country that HILL should again be at the head of a united Democracy. Bad as PLATT Republicans have been, it would not be wise to replace them yet by HILL and MURPHY Democrats. And it is very far from well that HILL and PLATT and their respective machines should be the alternatives presented year after year to the voters of the State. What the State Democrats need is not only organization and courage, but a little saving common-sense and a little knowledge of the history of their own party. MARTIN VAN BUREN and SILAS WRIGHT had the courage of their convictions, and the element which they led prevailed in the end. SAMUEL J. TILDEN fought against and overcame the corrupt leaders of his own party, and became Governor of the State, candidate for President, and absolute master of the Democratic organization of New York and the nation. So long as the State Democracy refuse to unite with HILL and MURPHY, it is perfectly clear that no ticket nominated by the present machine can be elected. And how long will such men as compose and control this machine insist on leadership when they realize that their leadership means constant defeat? They have told the members of the State Democracy of this city that they can never participate in a State convention unless they abandon their opposition to Tammany and join that association, and this ruling ought to guide and govern the Democratic enemies of the machine throughout the State. This ruling, instead of being accepted as an expulsion of State

Democrats, is really a renunciation by the machine of its right to be considered Democratic, for a Democratic party in whose government all Democrats may not participate is impossible. The State Democracy, in view of that ruling, ought to call and hold its own State and county conventions and nominate its own tickets. If it follow the example of the Democratic leaders who in former years have contended for principles and against machine and boss domination, it will organize and stand alone, and it will never unite with the machine, which, according to its own declarations, is inspired by an evil principle, and which, for the preservation of its own power, has denied to Democrats outside of Tammany Hall the right to representation in Democratic conventions. It is only through an aggressive organization that the Democratic partisans who have rebelled against the machine can be saved from despondency, and prevented from the inevitable drift back to the machine that will follow despondency. And such an organization must come eventually to represent the Democratic party. But it is not for that reason that we urge the leaders of the State Democracy to make an earnest effort to save their organization. It is because the interests of the State and the nation would be greatly injured by a union of all or most of the Democrats of New York under the malign leadership of HILL.

THE STATE OF THE SILVER CAMPAIGN.

THERE is no doubt that the "cause of silver" is in a decline. The evidence to that effect is accumulating rapidly. We have already commented on the two silver conventions at Memphis, and the significant silence of the Cleveland meeting of the League of Republican Clubs. There have been signs in Texas indicating that wisdom may yet triumph in the Democratic party of that State. Indeed, the news of growing Democratic hostility to silver in Texas ought not to have occasioned great surprise, for when Mr. MILLS was threatened with the defeat of his candidacy for the Senate a few years ago because of an anti-free-silver vote, he boldly presented himself to the hostile legislators and convinced them that he knew more about the silver question than they did. Apparently Mr. MILLS does not know as much as he ought to on this subject, but while he deeply offended some of his constituents by voting for the repeal of the SHERMAN law, some of these same constituents are now expressing doubts that indicate an advance even on Mr. MILLS's currency ideas. In Iowa the Republicans have almost completely changed their attitude on the money question, and are no longer insisting, as they were in 1893, on "gold and silver money as unlimited legal tender."

Even foreign countries, from whom better things were expected by the friends and miners of silver, are showing a lamentable lack of interest in the cause. BALFOUR, whose economic heresies have caused great rejoicing in the heart of STEWART and others of his way of thinking, did not base his campaign for a return to the House of Commons on the bimetallic issue, and Germany has not only issued no invitation to an international conference, but apparently has no intention of doing so. Even South America is beginning to show signs of enmity towards silver, and Chile has become practically a "gold-bug" country, while other South American governments are said to be preparing to follow her example.

All these are pleasing signs, but the victory is not yet won. The silver men have not abandoned their crusade in favor of the free and independent coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 by this country. They started their campaign too early, and wore out a good deal of enthusiasm in advance of the real fray, which cannot take place until next year. This gave an opportunity to the opponents of free coinage, of which they took advantage after a fashion. Considering, however, the magnitude of the interests at stake, and the disaster which it is predicted will come upon this country if the silver men succeed, the activity of the single standard gold men is far from great. Indeed, it is very inadequate, and unless it is greatly augmented the silver men may yet succeed in capturing the national conventions and the next House of Representatives. Many of the anti-free-coinage men who were at work a month ago seem to have grown tired. But the silver men never grow tired, and evidently do not intend to surrender until they must. Mr. CARLISLE's efforts have not been followed up by other members of the administration, although Secretaries SMITH, HERBERT, and MORTON might do excellent service in their States, and Postmaster-General WILSON might conduct a campaign in the South with an effectiveness little inferior to that of the speeches of Mr. CARLISLE. Congressman PATTERSON is still addressing meetings. But the only agency that is constantly working is the Sound Currency Committee of the Reform Club, which will soon need more money if it is to keep up the printing and distribution of honest-money literature.

There are, it is true, no signs of retrogression. What has been won against the silver men seems to be retained. But enough has not yet been won. The politicians are those with whom we have to deal, and, thus far, they have been convinced simply that the majority of the people are not eager that the United States shall undertake the establishment of silver monometallism at a time when South American governments are thinking of adopting the single gold standard of the commercial nations. The politicians of what have been regarded as the "silver States" have seen a great light, and have stopped shouting about their warm regard for silver. But, in order to accomplish the object at which all the friends of sound money are aiming, these politicians ought to be wholly converted, and induced to begin their shouting again, but this time on the right side. The candidates of 1896 must positively favor sound money, and to that end the anti-silver struggle should go on as vigorously as it began. The WEEKLY has taken the ground that the honest-money sentiment will triumph if constant war is waged in its behalf. It will not triumph if the war ceases and enthusiasm grows cold.

THE PEDANTRY OF SPECIALISTS.

OF coining many words in the scientific world there has of late years been no end. This is the age of specialists, and of particular, accurate, and even hair-splitting knowledge. And of course refinement of knowledge must be crystallized in diversified nomenclatures. Sometimes, it is true, it has seemed as if the terminologies were likely to outstrip the knowledge, names being fairly spawned on the world in certain departments of science without corresponding increase of actual discoveries. To conservative persons it has seemed as if the word forming habit had become almost a disease in certain circles, and more than one protest has been lodged against allowing this scientific logomania to become epidemic.

It would seem, however, that there are certain departments of research where the opposite fault of undue abstemiousness in the coining of names is to be observed. In a recent number of the *Auk*, Mr. WILLIAM T. HORNADAY, the famous taxidermist, lodges a complaint of this kind against American naturalists. The particular sin of omission against which he protests is the failure of working naturalists to supply newly discovered animals with English names. It appears that in the last decade something like three hundred new species and sub-species of mammals have been discovered in this country. Each one of these has been at once supplied with a Latinized name long enough to more or less nearly approximate the length of the animal itself, but about half of them have been given no English name whatever. The result is that for all but the select few of the inner circle of naturalists these animals are practically nameless.

Mr. HORNADAY urges that this is all wrong. He calls attention to the very pertinent fact that unscientific persons for the most part furnish the money with which scientific researches are carried on—with which, for example, museums are founded and developed—and thinks that for this reason, if no other, the untechnical masses are entitled to some consideration at the hands of the technologists. He urges the naturalists, therefore, to make amends for their shortcomings, and christen the neglected animals.

There is certainly a large mass of intelligent readers who will feel that Mr. HORNADAY's protest is timely and important, and who would go a step further, and request that naturalists not only supply English names for animals, but that they also use these names in referring to the animals. All technical publications fall more or less commonly under the eye of untechnical readers, who would like to glean something from them, but who are often repulsed by finding only Latin names, so that they are unable to readily discover whether the creature they are reading about is a beast, bird, or fish. For example, one interested in a general way in the birds that he sees about him might open an ornithological publication with interest, but is very likely to close it with disgust when he sees that the creatures talked about are named, let us say, *Dolichonyx oryzivorus*, *Melanerpes erythrocephalus*, and *Harporhynchus rufus*, names which perhaps convey to his mind no conception whatever. Yet had he known that these formidable Latinisms merely stand for his familiar friends the bobolink, the red-headed woodpecker, and the brown-thrasher, he might have read on with enthusiasm.

There was a time when all scientific publications were in Latin, and explicitly intended for a select audience. In those days the savants ignored and despised the multitudes. But is it wise in this day of general intelligence for the specialist, who is the successor of the old-time savant, to maintain this traditional attitude, ignoring the intelligent masses who are eager for general knowledge? Mr. HORNADAY thinks the naturalists stand in their own light when they take this pedantic attitude. Most thoughtful persons will agree with him, and extend the application of the criticism to include many another class of specialists besides the naturalists.

THE BOTANICAL GARDEN.

THE assurance that we are to possess a botanical garden in New York is of great importance. The managers of the garden have obtained $250,000 by subscriptions. This fund is part of a liberal and yet insufficient endowment. Indeed, it can be called liberal simply because it is a first step. The rest of the endowment consists of $500,000 for the erection of the necessary buildings and 250 acres of land in a public park.

It is expected that the site of the garden will be in Bronx Park, but there is some doubt expressed by eminent authorities as to the suitability of the land chosen, and it has been suggested that the Pelham Bay Park be visited by the corporators, and especially by the Board of Scientific Directors of the garden, with a view to an investigation of its advantages. The serious objection to thus changing the location is that the planting of the Botanic Garden in the Pelham Bay Park will interfere with a use of that pleasure domain which the WEEKLY has steadily advocated, and which ought to be taken up by the Park Commissioners in the coming fall and the work of carrying it out begun. The 1700 acres of Pelham Bay Park, with its long and beautiful shore-line and its pleasant rolling grounds, ought to be planted with forest trees, so that in thirty years from now, when the town has crowded out into what is now the rural part of the Greater New York, there shall be a great, refreshing, health giving wood in the midst of a city population. A forest could be produced in this beautiful park, towards which the city is already making rapid progress, that would outrival any similar park in France or England. Here is a park with nine miles of shore, with a score or more of hills from which may be enjoyed wide visions of a most beautiful and lively waterway of sport and business, and if it were a wood, with cleared spaces under the trees, it would be unique as well as beautiful.

This we say, however, parenthetically, and to call attention to a reason why the Botanical Garden ought not to be placed in Pelham Bay Park. As for the garden itself, aside from the question of site, it needs a larger income than that which may be derived from the best possible investment of $250,000. We are told in *Garden and Forest* that the annual cost of the royal Botanic Gardens at Kew is $80,000. We cannot expect to rival Kew immediately; but while the proposed garden is the first of its kind in this country, with the exception of that established by Mr. SHAW in St. Louis, it ought not to start with such humble beginnings as would seem to be necessitated by an income only about one-eighth of the sum yearly expended at Kew. There is money enough in New York and its immediate vicinity to make a better start than this.

A botanical garden, it must be remembered, is not a mere pleasure-ground. It ought to be a centre of scientific research, and a fountain-head of that knowledge of plant life which is so essential to the development, protection, and preservation of animal life. We cannot do better, in considering this subject, than to quote from an editorial recently published in *Garden and Forest*. Speaking of Kew, the writer said:

> "The Royal Gardens are not a mere pleasure-ground with showy flowers to please holiday makers, but they are the head-quarters of a great scientific organization, which is felt by its publications and exchanges not only throughout the great British Empire, but through all the known globe, and even to the most inaccessible parts of the earth. From these remote and unexplored regions travellers and missionaries are sending seeds and plants to Kew, not only to enrich the pleasure-gardens of the world, but they are widening the domain of scientific truth and disseminating knowledge which exerts a direct influence upon the world's trade, commerce, and general economy. While it is the aim of the administration of Kew to make it beautiful, ... the study of plants, for their uses in medicine and the arts, for food and fabrics, is never neglected or treated as a subordinate matter."

Why should not New York's Botanical Garden aim to be in time to North America what Kew is to Europe? But such an ambition cannot be realized unless generous citizens more than double the subscriptions already made to the endowment fund.

GOLF AND GOOD MANNERS.

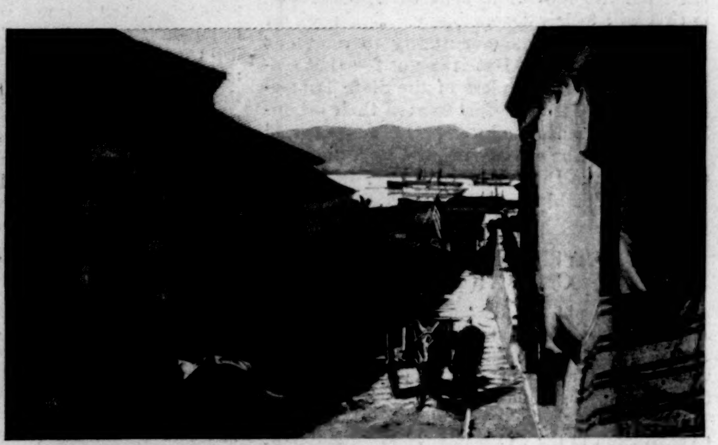
GOLF is a good game, in spite of the fact that it bids fair to become a mania, and not the least of its qualifications is the serious and dignified attitude towards creation, both animate and inanimate, that it imposes upon its followers. Golf is a school of good manners as well as a contest in skill, and a knowledge of its etiquette is fully as important as correctness in "addressing" or ability to loft a ball neatly over a bunker. The "hazards" encountered in the rules of the game are quite as real as the actual "Walkinshaw's Grave" or "Hell" bunker, and the novice who disregards them will quickly be made sensible of his mistake the first time that he tees his ball upon a first-class course.

The American temperament, accustomed to the ferocious hurly-burly of a Yale-Princeton football match and the noisy saturnalia of an *America* Cup race, meets with something like a shock when it runs up for the first time against the awesome solemnity that pervades the "putting-green." A whisper is in bad form, while an unguarded laugh would be sacrilege. Were it not for the red coats, one would feel constrained to take off his hat, and it is only under cover of the most perfect and respectful silence that the interment ceremonies are finally completed.

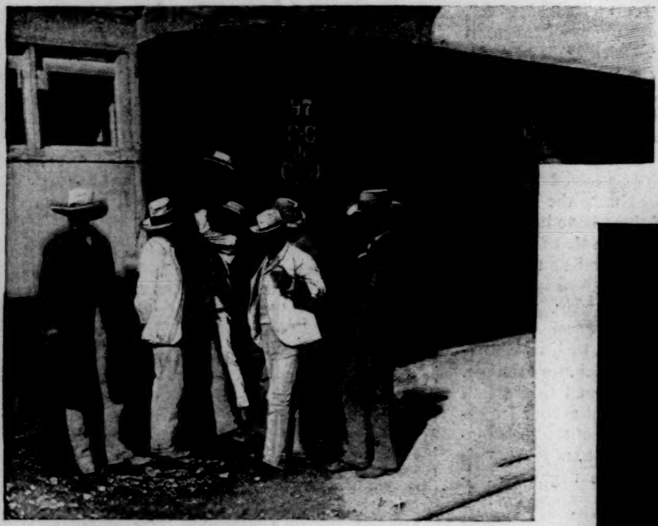
"Let all things be done decently and in order," is the golfer's text, and the discipline should be worth something to Young America. Golf is pre-eminently a game of good society, and it rests upon the foundation stones of courtesy to and consideration for others. The player who speaks or moves during his opponent's stroke, or who drives to the putting-green when it is already occupied, or who fails to replace the divot of turf cut out by an iron stroke, has committed a capital golfing sin; and while ignorance may meet with some measure of forbearance, there is no mercy for the habitual offender or the incorrigible boor. Unvarying respect for the rights and feelings of others, in which is included all due care for the preservation of the links themselves, is the essence of the true golfing spirit. Add to this the cultivation of patience under discouragement, fortitude under misfortune, coolness in adversity and moderation in victory, and golf means something more than merely walking three miles to knock a quinine pill into an empty tomato-can.

REVOLUTIONISTS USING TREES FOR OUTLOOK PURPOSES IN SEARCH OF THE ENEMY.

A TANDEM OX TEAM HAULING SUPPLIES TO A SPANISH OUTPOST.

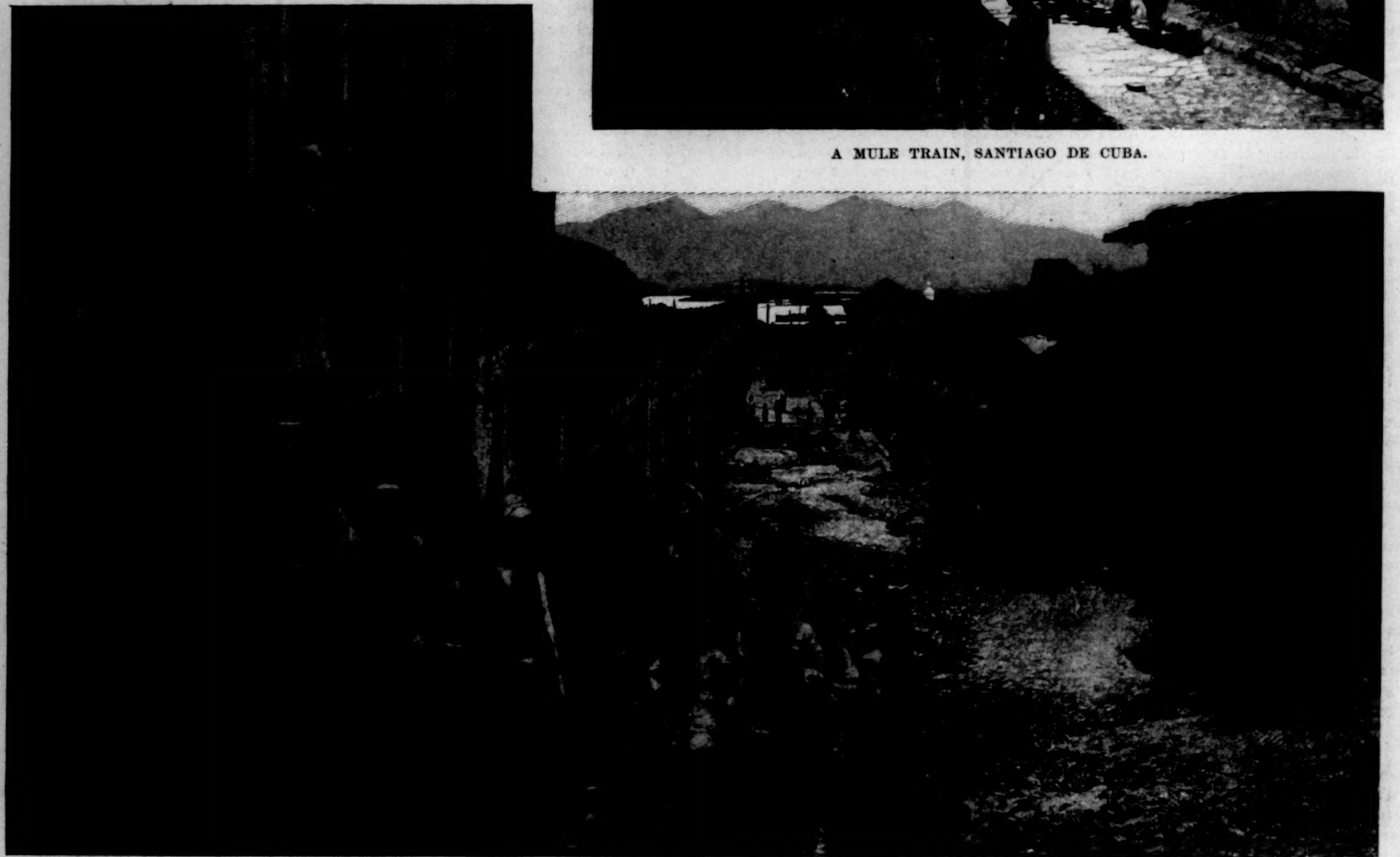


LOOKING WEST FROM THE MARKET, SANTIAGO DE CUBA.



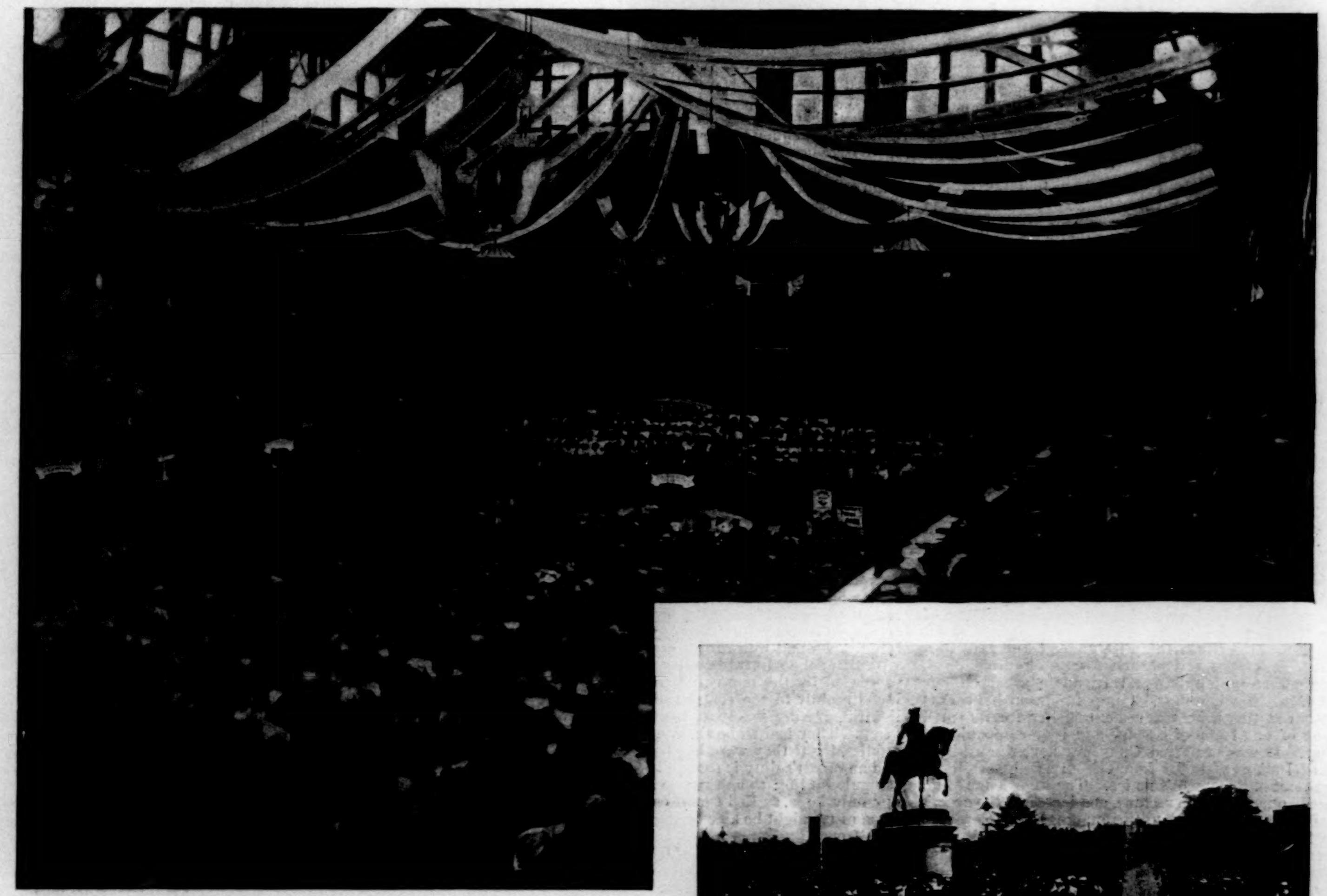
REVOLUTIONIST PRISONERS BEING BROUGHT IN UNDER GUARD OF THE SPANISH POLICE.
The Police are distinguished by the red Band on their Coat Sleeves.

A MULE TRAIN, SANTIAGO DE CUBA.



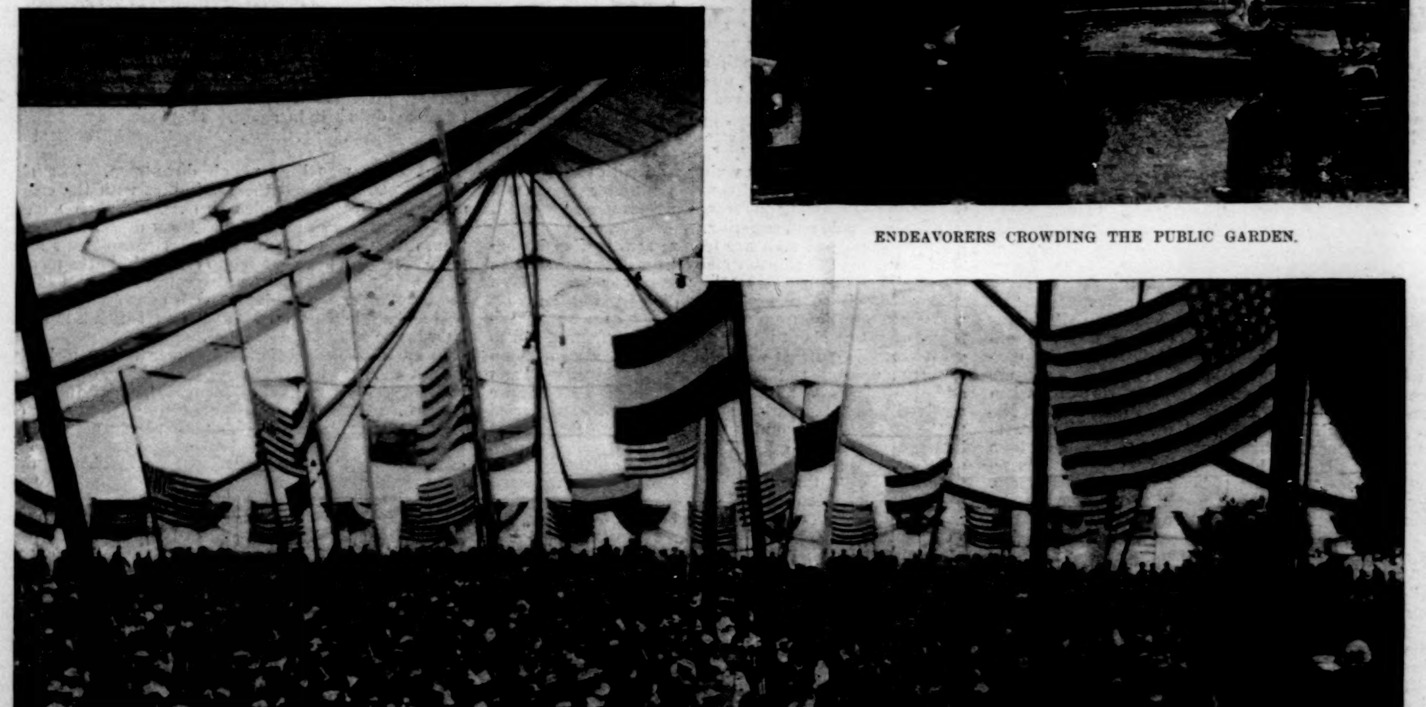
A STREET VIEW IN SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

THE CUBAN UPRISING—SCENES AT THE SEAT OF THE INSURRECTION.—[See Page 709.]



AUDIENCE IN MECHANICS' HALL—LOOKING TOWARDS THE PLATFORM AND THE CHORUS.

ENDEAVORERS CROWDING THE PUBLIC GARDEN.



INTERIOR OF TENT "WILLISTON" DURING THE OPENING EXERCISES.

THE FOURTEENTH INTERNATIONAL CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION, BOSTON, JULY 11-15, 1895.—[See Page 700.]

ADVENTURES OF AMERICAN ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS.

II.—A WINTER MARCH TO THE BLACK HILLS.

BY BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL GUY V. HENRY, U.S.A.

THE story of this ride has often been told, but only a plainsman knows what it is to face a Norther. It is more dreadful than fire or shipwreck. When the ice god turns on his blizzard and drives the thermometer down to forty degrees below zero, no human being can live in the open air, and many of the toughest and hardiest animals succumb to the intense cold. Deer have been found huddled together in groups of five and ten, dead and frozen stiff by a Norther, and even wild-cats, lynx, buffalo, and Rocky Mountain lions have died of cold on the plains. The day before Christmas, 1874, an Indian courier rode into our camp near Red Cloud Agency, Nebraska, bringing orders from the department commander for troops to be sent to the Black Hills to remove miners who were supposed to be there in violation of treaty stipulation. Complaint had been made that the white man was stealing the Indian's gold. To penetrate into this unknown country beyond the Mauvaises Terres, or bad lands, at this season of the year was to put one's life at the risk, not only of the cold storms which swept the country, but of the attacks of hostile Minneconjoux Sioux. If the proper authority had known as well as we of the character of the service required, it is probable that the order would never have been issued; but it had come, and it was not ours to question why.

The day after Christmas the command, consisting of Troop D, Third Cavalry, of which I was captain, about fifteen men of the Ninth Infantry, under Lieutenant Carpenter, with wagons, rations, and forage for thirty days, bidding adieu to families and friends, started on our march into the wilderness. Camp Robinson (now Fort Robinson) at this time was a mere shelter for its small garrison of one troop of cavalry and four companies of infantry. It was near Red Cloud Agency, whose thousands of Indians were far from friendly, and were liable to break out at a moment's notice. The knowledge of all this made our farewell a sad one, and increased the dreariness of our already desolate surroundings. The evening of the first day's march was comparatively mild; ice had to be cut in order to procure water for our animals, some one hundred and forty in number, but they, under the shelter of a bank, with blanket covers, and the men in their tents, with stoves, were comfortable. The second day's march brought us to Spotted Tail Agency, or Camp Sheridan, where we were to obtain our guide, an Indian called "Falling Waters." He, after the manner of his race, refused to go, as his suggestive name indicated to him that the weather was not suitable for travel. We succeeded, however, in obtaining the services of one Raymond, a white man and at one time a soldier, who joined us in response to an impulse of his early training. He was also well acquainted with the country and with the risks which we were to encounter. The third day we pushed on, passing the old agency and camping on White River, treating that night some of the men for frosted fingers. Continuing our march, we arrived at Wounded Knee Creek, so called because a French trapper had been wounded in the knee by Indians and left to die. Here we left the White River, which was frozen almost solid, and a very unusual thing it was for this river to freeze at all, and commenced our march across the Mauvaises Terres, or bad lands. It would be impossible to properly describe this region of desolate country. Immense bald bluffs of chalky whiteness confront you. There is not a sign of vegetation, except as here and there a solitary pine-tree stands its lonely watch, making by contrast the desolation more wretched. In summer you are suffocated with clouds of alkali dust; in winter, or when the ground is wet, your wagons sink to their axles. Nature seems to forbid approach. A green deposit or strata here and there marks what is supposed to have once been the bottom of a lake. Here are found what scientists regard as the richest deposits of bone, backs of turtles, etc. It may easily be imagined, however, that under the circumstances this subject did not occupy our thoughts.

This vast region of desolation can be best compared to the picture which our imagination makes of the "lower regions" with the fires extinguished. It is in fact Dante's "Inferno" reproduced. In this Inferno, camped on the frozen surface of a lake to obtain shelter from a howling wind, with the thermometer forty degrees below zero, we spent the New-Year's eve of 1874. 'Twas truly a cheerful place, and as we wrapped ourselves (Lieutenant Carpenter and myself) in our buffalo-robes, we felt thankful we had wood and shelter from the storm. On this same place, Harney Springs (named after General Harney), I camped during the Pine Ridge troubles just sixteen years after the experience I am now relating. Our next camp, New-Year's day, was made on the Cheyenne River, and we were thankful for an abundance of wood. Raymond, our guide, had said, the day before, that when we got to the Cheyenne he would "prospect" a little, as he thought that if there was gold in the Black Hills it would show in the Cheyenne, receiving as it did so many streams from the supposed Eldorado. Seeing him sitting by an air-hole in the ice, I found his prospecting consisted in "thawing out" a couple of frozen fingers. The next day we crossed to a stream supposed to have been followed by the miners. We entered the hills, but found no sign of a trail, so we started back on the homeward march. It was afterward ascertained that the miners had entered the hills west of us. These same miners were brought out of the hills in the spring of the year in an almost starved condition. The Black Hills are so called not because of their color, but of the contrast of color, green or brown, with that of the chalky whiteness of the Mauvaises Terres.

Nothing of particular importance occurred on our return march except the intense cold, ranging from twenty to forty degrees below zero. Fortunately the little wind we had was on our backs, and when once in camp we could make ourselves and our animals comfortable. The delay in pitching and striking tents or in preparing and breaking camp was the most disagreeable part of the march. The ground was so hard that driving a tent-pin, which had to be iron, was almost impossible, and the removal of it was so difficult that we had often to tie our tent-ropes to trees or bushes. All food was frozen solid, and had to be thawed before cooking, bits had to be warmed before being placed in the mouths of the horses, and any teamster who touched a trace chain or iron part with bare hands would quickly drop it or be blistered. We had to abandon some wagons owing to bad roads, but as we were nearing the end of our journey our loads were as light as our hearts. On the last day's march we broke camp early in the morning in gay spirits, as we thought that evening would bring us to Camp Robinson and the end of our two weeks' march of 300 miles, useless as it had been, with its hardships and sufferings. But, alas! sunset of that memorable day told a far different tale. At 7 A.M., an hour out from camp, a strong, piercing wind arose, a Norther, cutting like a razor. If we could have found shelter it would have been the part of wisdom to camp, but there was no shelter to be found, and a return to our old camp was out of the question, as our wagons had followed the road while we had taken a trail. Indeed the chance that they could be quickly found, if at all, in this blinding snow-drifting storm was very slight, and the search could not have been made without risking the lives of the searching party. So to push on was our only alternative. The cold was so intense that it was impossible to ride. Dismounting, we led our horses, and they, poor brutes, in their sufferings, struggled to escape from their riders, who in their frozen condition had trouble to prevent them.

Our trail was lost, or obliterated by the snow; our eyes were absolutely sightless from the constant pelting of the frozen particles. And thus we struggled on. A clump of trees or a hill for a shelter from the killing and life-sapping wind would have indeed been a sweet haven. With frozen hands and faces, men becoming weaker and weaker, many bleeding from the nose and the ears, the weakest lying down and refusing to move, a precursor of death; with them the painful stinging bite of the frost had been succeeded by the more solid freezing, which drives the blood rapidly to the centre and produces that warm, delightful, dreamy sensation, the forerunner of danger and death. They had to be threatened and strapped to their saddles, for if they were left behind death would follow, and an officer's duty is to save his men. Ours now was a struggle for life; to halt was to freeze to death, to advance our only hope, as Red Cloud could not be far away, and some of us might be able to reach camp with life, though with frozen limbs.

Weakened till we could no longer walk, in desperation the command "mount" was given. Stiffened and frozen, we clambered into our saddles. "Forward, gallop!" and we all knew this was a race for life. We were powerless. Brain nor eye could no longer help us. The instinct of our horses would alone save those who could hold out. So on we rushed, life and home in front, death behind. Suddenly turning the curve of a hill, we came upon a ranch inhabited by a white man and his squaw, and we were saved. Had the sun burst forth with the heat of summer our surprise and joy could not have been greater than they were, to thus find this place of refuge and safety in the wilderness, and to be saved from the jaws of death by a "squaw ranch!" I have since passed this ranch, and nothing has ever awakened stronger feelings of gratitude than the sight of that hovel. The horses were put in the corral. Those that were running wild with their powerless riders were caught. Men were put under shelter, and the process of thawing out frozen parts commenced, with its attendant pain and suffering.

Every officer and man was frozen; some suffered more than others; and to this day many are still suffering from the effects of this march by the loss of members. Even where there is no physical disability freezing leaves a nervous prostration from which one never recovers. We found ourselves about fifteen miles from our post, and so great was the cold that we could not persuade an Indian to carry a message to Red Cloud asking that wagons and ambulances be sent to our assistance. The next day we received medical attention, and the helpless were carried to the post. There could not have been a greater contrast between our departure and return. Entering my own quarters, I was not recognized owing to my black and swollen face. All my fingers were frozen to their second joints; the flesh sloughed off, exposing the bones. Other flesh gradually grew afterward, except on one finger, the first joint of which had to be amputated, while the joints of my left hand are to this day so stiffened by freezing and extraneous deposits that I am unable to bend or close my fingers. The above narrative shows what many other officers and soldiers in the past have had to undergo on the plains in the performance of duty, and not a winter but has had its maimed and suffering victims, who have borne their share in this battle of civilization, rendering victory possible through the protection of settlers, the building and extension of railroads, and the peopling of the "Great West."

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS IN BOSTON.

ON the Fourth of July Boston Common was alive with pleasure-seekers, and its walks were lined with the sellers of things to eat and things to drink. Boston Common on Independence day approximates the country fair. Dozens of booths filled with purveyors of bottled drinks, others where beans and sandwiches are sold, and many from which candies and ice-cream are retailed at cheap prices, transform the usually quiet spot into a small Babel. Most of these booths are confined to the driveways; but the organ-grinder with his gayly dressed monkey draws crowds together on the lawns, and in one bare spot two "side-shows" of the circus type with gaudy banners do a lively opposition trade. Boys with baskets of bottled soda, "ice-cold," wander about crying their wares from group to group of the loungers on bench or turf. Altogether the sight is one of the strangest one will ever encounter in the heart of a great city. Absolute good order prevails, for, under a recently enacted law, Boston is "dry" on the Fourth of July, as it is on Sundays, and the foaming glass which stands exposed invitingly on the open booth holds nothing stronger than "birch" beer. On the morning of the 5th all trace of the noisy crowd was gone. The booths and the push-carts had disappeared in the night. The men with the crimson rubber balloons cried them elsewhere. The side-show "shouter" had found a new audience. All traces of the revelry of Independence day had been removed from turf and paths, and at three o'clock in the morning workmen began the task of converting the Common into a meeting-place for the delegates to the Christian Endeavor Convention. Two tents, each 254 by 180 feet, were erected side by side at one end of the Common, just opposite the Public Garden. Within these tents the overflow from the Mechanics' Institute held meetings on the following five days. Plain pine benches, fashioned like church pews, gave seating-room in each tent to 6500 people. These tents were crowded, though the number of delegates to the convention did not fulfill expectations. Distant Illinois alone was expected to send 2500, of whom 1500 were to be from Chicago. Pennsylvania promised 3500, of whom 2500 were to be from Philadelphia. New York city and Brooklyn were to send 2500; Rhode Island, 500; Wisconsin, 1000; Ontario, 700; New Hampshire, 2000; New Jersey, 600; Connecticut, 1500; Iowa, 900; Indiana, 500; Maine, 600; Ohio, 500; District of Columbia, 400; Missouri, 600.

These figures were considered reasonably sure, for transportation had been engaged for this number from railroad and steamboat lines, and in many cases special boats and trains had been chartered. The delegates from Washington city, for example, went to New York by special train, then to Providence by specially chartered boat, and finally to Boston by another special train. Most of the delegations arrived on Wednesday the 3d, and the amount of traffic handled over the roads coming into Boston on that day was enormous.

The system for handling this great influx of visitors was as perfect as possible, and the members of the reception committee, several hundred strong, drilled steadily for weeks. They wore white caps with crimson cords and crimson letterings. Members of the committee went out on the railroads as far as possible to board the incoming trains, and instruct the delegates how to reach their headquarters. At each station were members of the committee ready to take charge of the delegations, and escort each to its headquarters. The headquarters were in the churches of Boston and her suburbs. It is a fortunate thing for Boston that she is surrounded by such a net-work of well-connected towns; for in the congested streets of the city it would have been almost impossible for the delegates to move with freedom. It is difficult enough for the people of Boston under ordinary conditions to pass each other on Washington and Tremont streets. Add 20,000 people to the throng on those highways and there would be a blockade.

The Endeavorers did not find Boston at her best. The city authorities had laid new turf and freshened the gravel pathways in the Public Garden, and laid out elaborate floral designs there, and a two weeks' downpour had washed Boston's face pretty clean. But "the people" of Boston are away for the summer, and beautiful Commonwealth Avenue and aristocratic Beacon Street are as empty and quiet as the streets of exhumed Pompeii. Stretching as far as the eye will reach, the bare fronts of the dwellings rise from these two thoroughfares blank and boarded, and giving no sign of life, save where a housekeeper "in charge" protrudes a dusty head for a minute, and, tortoiselike, draws it in again. They are very bleak and inhospitable looking, these famous streets of the Back Bay district.

But there was life enough downtown. The shopkeepers had decorated their buildings with the crimson and white Christian Endeavor flags, and their windows bristled with cheap souvenirs. A salt-duster made in the form of a "bean-pot" was the most conspicuous among these. It was cheap enough to come within the means of even a Christian Endeavor delegate, and that was what the shopkeeper was aiming at. His more expensive wares will find a sale when the Masonic Convention is held here, later in the season.

I looked on the Christian Endeavorer in Boston chiefly as a sight-seer; for however earnest the delegates may be in their society work, most of them, if one may judge from their conversation, came to Boston to see the historic city. And there is so much to see here that I was not at all surprised to meet hundreds of Endeavorers during the hours of the convention sessions far from tent and hall, studying old gravestones, examining old buildings, and, above all, dodging trolley-cars. I have read much of the trolley system of Boston, but nothing that gave me an adequate idea of its complications; and so I suppose the Endeavorers, like me, gazed and wondered at it. The fact that all the suburban lines of cars centre in Tremont and Washington streets, as all the city lines of New Orleans run eventually into Canal Street, is a statement which ought to furnish the imaginative reader with a basis for an idea of the complications which occur in the heart of the city. In St. Louis, Washington, and other large cities the suburban cars transfer their passengers to city lines at the city limits. In Boston the suburban cars—and they are almost countless—run right through the heart of the business district, so that the clanging of their gongs is heard continuously, and they move in steady procession about three feet apart—a succession of elaborately lettered boxes of yellow, blue, red, and green in many shades. The Juggernaut of Broadway is different from the trolley-car of Tremont Street. You must leap for your life on Broadway at the sound of the gong. The New York truck-driver must turn sharply off the track when a car comes up behind him or he risks the loss of a wheel. In Boston the truck-driver goes ahead recklessly, and the motorman puts on his brake and brings the car up short to let him pass. The Boston pedestrian goes on his road as heedlessly almost as though there were no trolley-cars, for he knows that he has the right of way. At the principal crossings sturdy policemen stand between the tracks and guide the streams of traffic. A hand raised in warning stops the line of trolley-cars until the pedestrians have crossed. A wave of the hand starts the cars again; but they move at a snail's pace, and there is little danger in them.

All of these things the Endeavorers learned, but at the expense of their nerves. When they first tried to cross Tremont Street they dodged in and out from the curb and hovered about on the border of the car track for hours without finding what appeared to be a safe opening. Afterward they walked across as calmly as though there were no street cars.

A stranger must seek personal directions at intervals,

and no one knows so well how to direct him and no one is so patient under a cross-fire of questions as the policeman at the crossing. With a trolley-car bearing down on him from the right, another threatening his left, a truck crossing in front of him, and tangled masses of men and women and babies on every side, he directs a frightened old lady where to find the Neponset car with a calmness and accuracy which are marvellous.

The work of the Endeavorers began at 6.30 o'clock every morning. At that time services were held in twenty or twenty-five churches in Somerville, Cambridge, and Boston. The meetings in Mechanics' Hall and in Tent Williston and Tent Endeavor began at 9.30 and continued until noon. At the noon hour there were prayer services under the direction of Dwight Moody in Faneuil Hall. In the afternoon there were many small gatherings of minor organizations in churches and other places. In the evening there were other meetings in Mechanics' Hall and in the tents on the Common. By ten o'clock P.M. only the usual crowd of Bostonians was on the streets. The red and white caps of the committeemen and the bright badges of the delegates were to be seen only here and there. The Endeavorers, worn out with their day's devotion and sight-seeing, were seeking much-needed rest.

"Now we must go to see the Paul Revere house," said a tired-eyed woman in a group standing near me yesterday.

"Yes," said another; "and then we've got to see the Bunker Hill Monument, and—"

"Well, we talk about this as though it was a task," broke in the voice of a third woman. They certainly did, and I have no doubt that seeing Boston within the time limit of their excursion tickets was a pretty severe task for many of the delegates. Boston did all that was possible to facilitate the work. Many places which are seldom open to inspection were made free to the public. One of these was the Granary burying-ground on busy Tremont Street, and there was a steady stream of visitors moving in and out of the gateway all through the day. Groups gathered about the column above the grave of Josiah Quincy, and the dilapidated grave of John Hancock and the resting-place of Mrs. Goose (tradition says the original "Mother Goose") divided interest. The inevitable note-book—so familiar at the World's Fair—received records on every hand, and I am quite sure that one-half the time the eyes should have been studying the surroundings they were bent on paper and pencil.

According to the records of the local committee there were 49,362 members of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor in the city. There were not 49,000 *young* Endeavorers, however—hardly 30,000, I think. For the number of delegates with grizzled beards and whitened hair was remarkable. The visitors who took advantage of the special rates to come to Boston swelled the list of strangers in the city to 60,000 or 70,000. The hotels were well filled, but most of the Endeavorers were cared for in private houses, where the rates for rooms were fifty and seventy-five cents a day. So the crowds which filled the streets, jammed the corridors of the Public Library, and overflowed the street cars, were a serious inconvenience to the regular traveller only on the thoroughfares.

Washington sent a large delegation to the convention to study the method of entertaining the visitors. The convention of 1896 will be held at the national capital, and with its limited hotel accommodations and its small suburbs, the city will have some difficulty in making room for the throng of visitors. It will be particularly unfortunate if Congress should be in session, as no doubt it will be. However, the people of Washington are full of expedients—they have had experience with conventions before—and no doubt they will be able to afford pleasant entertainment to the people of the white and crimson banners in 1896.

LIFE AND LETTERS

FROM time to time the question of the length, breadth, and thickness of the novel arises. It is a question of dimensions purely, not of ethics or æsthetics; it concerns quantity, not quality; it asks whether something may not be done about the full-sized fiction, so that we may get the pleasure and profit of it without reading so much as one now apparently must.

In speaking last week of those new Spanish plays I was reminded of a friend who reads them habitually in the place of novels, especially the plays of Echegaray. He says that when he feels the rising need of a novel, he sends for one of these plays, which are about as long as Shakespeare's plays, and he believes that he gets all the intellectual and emotional nutriment from it that he would get, say, from a novel as long as one of Scott's. He feels as if he had covered as vast a space of human experience, sounded depths of character as profound, scaled heights of speculation to an air as subtile. He is of rather a romantic preference in his fiction, and if he were to claim that there was no more in the five hundred pages of a romantic volume than there is in the one hundred pages of a romantic play, I do not know that I should gainsay him. I am not sure that there is so much.

But some people cannot read plays at all. The mere sight of the dialogue, with the person's name prefixed like a label to each speech, with the stage direction printed in parentheses, and the whole litter of italics, small capitals, and abbreviations, is disgustful to them. For this sort something else must be done, and obviously, I think, the short story must be developed to meet their wants, if they are impatient of novels. It must be deepened in its implications and widened in its scope. To do this without increasing its drama, which requires time and space in the performance, whether on the stage or in print, the short story must perhaps assume more and more the character of a metaphysical study, which shall give the results of drama without the wearisome and wasteful processes. Some such effect has been achieved in two books of short stories, if they are stories, or studies if they are studies, which I have just been reading, and which I shall not compare or contrast farther than to say that there seems in them a notable approach of one talent to the other in method and even in manner.

I.

I do not know any book more thoroughly characteristic of the author than Terminations. Mr. James has written many other books which represent him more fully, more strenuously, more intensely, or how you will, but none, I believe, in which you taste more distinctly his peculiar quality. This, I think, has grown constantly finer in all that he has written of later years, more delicate, more exquisite; and in Terminations, where it is as pervasive as a perfume, it has its finest expression. The things for the most part end vaguely, diffusing themselves and ceasing upon the sense without insistence upon a definite intention; and this is to my mind one of their rarest charms and the subtlest proofs of their unrivalled artistry. An impression of harmonious beauty is what remains with you.

Terminations. By Henry James. Harper & Brothers.

There is rather more humor in the working out of the pathetic conceptions than the author commonly permits himself. But the conceptions of the stories are all pathetic, and the humor is the break of a reluctant and hopeless laugh from the irremediable and inconsolable melancholy of the situation. There is scarcely a smile in the sketch called The Altar of the Dead, and scarcely more in The Middle Years; but in The Death of the Lion, and The Coxon Fund, the laugh comes in again and again. It is hard to say which of the humorous motives in the last is the most delicious: the great intellectual fraud Saltram, who was made to live upon such generous victims as the Kent Mulvilles, or the Kent Mulvilles, who were made for such frauds to live upon; the vulgar, self-satisfied selfishness of Gravener, put to torment by having to break with his American betrothed because she has lost her money; or the contrast of her Bostonian idealism with his practical, necessary British egotism; but it is all immensely funny and immensely sad.

It is the only one of the studies in which American character is introduced, and I think this a pity, for in a certain sort of it no one's touch is so brilliant and secure as Mr. James's. He consoles one a little for its absence in The Middle Years and The Death of the Lion by dealing with the literary life, where he is so easily first that I think there is no second. Neither of these pieces is so rich and full as The Lesson of the Master (forever admirable and insurpassable) or The Author of Beltraffio; but each has the finer graces of those masterpieces; and each reflects a different phase of that life with matchless and unerring charm. The successful author hunted down by relentless social recognition, and literally done to death by the pursuit of a philistine and pitiless hospitality, and the defeated author dying in the arms of his one most magnanimous adorer: these are suggested with a touching humor which would abhor the crude excess of my statement.

Everywhere the admirable book is marked by a wise and sensitive reticence, which sometimes shades into the defect of its virtue, perhaps; but I am not sure of this. It is all in the minor key, but it is full of a distinction which is hard to preserve in the effects of pathos, whether it is the pathos that weeps or the pathos that laughs. The first is so easily maudlin, the last is so easily sardonic; but neither is imaginable of Mr. James, whose appeals to the sympathy of his reader are never such as to involve a loss of self-respect with the most responsive. One quits his company pensive with the sense of life which has been lived, and will be lived again and again.

II.

If pathos is the dominant note of Terminations, tragedy is that of Celibates. I confess that whatever I might say of the difference in such pleasures, I have found nearly as much pleasure in Mr. Moore's studies as in Mr. James's. But I am by no means disposed to undervalue Mr. Moore's in comparison, for I find there the work of a very great talent. I suppose that I did not come to a just sense of this talent until I had read Esther Waters, and I hope I have not now the superabounding zeal of the new convert. For a long time it seemed to me that Mr. Moore was simply trying to do the Zola act, though I did not so much object to the act as to the fact that Zola had already done it. But I must own that Esther Waters gave me a feeling of his power, of his original force, which I had not had till I read that very strong novel, that mainly just, mainly right-minded book. Of course, there are leaks in nearly everything, and the story will not hold praise at every point, one might convict it of errors of taste, even errors of propriety, but it is worlds better than anything else English (always excepting Mr Hardy), and one must in gratitude and conscience put it with the continental works of fiction which are also works of art. While Mr. Moore lives, indeed, one must never despair of English fiction, for there is distinctly a hope for it, and a great hope, in him.

Celibates. By George Moore. Macmillan & Co.

Esther Waters was not a book to put in a young girl's hands, because though not immoral it was not wholly decent, as certain well-known facts of life are not; and as regards the young girl, fiction must be

"Content to dwell in decencies forever,"

or not be for her, no matter how moral, how disciplinary it may be. For the same reason Celibates must be withheld from those whose innocence is dear. The book could not do them harm, but its bold knowledge might leave a stain in the mind, and so it is better to withhold it.

As to harm, perhaps it might even do good rather, if it could be risked, as it cannot. I feel quite sure that there is a lesson in Miss Lawson's career, as it is portrayed in the first and longest of the studies, which it is a pity the Miss Lawsons should not learn, if they are capable of learning anything. It is at any rate a spectacle of the hateful passion for power, which those not possessed with it can no doubt best profit by. It will be a question with casuists to the end whether the girl's lust of conquest was so much better than the other lust which could never sway her from her self-control. She is a detestable creature, and though she remains "pure" through all the risks she takes to make her lovers feel her charm, it is doubtful whether she remains better than the worst in what M. Bourget would call her "chaste depravity." She is realized to the reader with a sort of cold distinctness which is very remarkable, and after he has followed her to the defeat which such conquests as hers must always end in, he has a sense of her character, almost of her presence, such as the types of fiction seldom leave.

It seems to be rather Mr. Moore's special gift, in this book at least, to present his women so clearly that you seem to have met them. This is the case even with such an illusive personality as Kitty Hare's in the story of John Norton, and it is most triumphantly so with Mrs. Lahens in the piteous tragedy of Agnes Lahens. The vulgarity of the mother's beauty haunts the inner eye long after the book is shut, and doubtless the heart break in the story would not be so terrible without it.

One must leave to the reader such slight story as these things involve. What gives them importance is their naked truth, which is very, very naked now and then. Sometimes the nakedness abashes, sometimes it appalls, as in that horrible divination and recognition of John Norton's, where, confronted with the "ignominy of life," he perceives that his passion and the tramp's violence are from the same instinct. This is the ascetic's sense of it, and it is not the less poignantly cruel because there is other truth concerning the fact. It is curious that in dealing with a thing of such nightmare hideousness as Kitty Hare's fate, the author finds himself on the plane of the ideal more than in any other passage of his book. He has wholly to imagine the fact as it exists in her consciousness, and it must be owned that he imagines it with extraordinary power. The immense, the hopeless pity of it surpasses even the horror.

In the pathos of Agnes Lahens's case he is more merciful, though he is scarcely less moving. The fate of the innocent girl who comes home from her convent to such a half-caste social and intellectual world as surrounds her painted mother with its fetid atmosphere is for the moment terrible, but she escapes from it to the quiet of the convent again, and you have only the pang of her past suffering when you think of her; but for Kitty Hare's blighted purity and for John Norton's sense of "the ignominy of life," you perceive that there is no consolation but death.

Mr. Moore likes to employ the grand means of moving his reader, now and then; but I think his talent is shown less in such feats than in the marvellous accuracy of the impression he strikes of such types, men and women, as form the circle of Mrs. Lahens. The moral deadness which characterizes that circle is something that has never before been so fully shown in literature, though it has long been known in the world, and has its counterpart, more or less distinct, everywhere.

III.

The perfection of the writer's art convinces you of his fidelity in this study and in that of the franker brutalities of Bohemia in Paris. No one has yet painted English life of the present day so well as Mr. James, in certain of its phases; in certain other phases none so well as Mr. Moore. This is what you find yourself saying whether you know it very well at first hand or not; for, as I have suggested, the excellence of art persuades of truth. It is all the more interesting, then, to find Mr. Moore employing so largely in these stories the analytical method which Mr. James has perfected. It is his, and any one's, as well as Mr. James's, but no one can now use it without making the reader think of Mr. James.

Doubtless it is to this method that both the books I have been speaking owe the peculiar property of their several studies, or stories, or sketches. In each of these there is the nutritive substance of a whole novel: not a great novel, of course, but the ordinary novel of commerce; though this again requires qualification, for it seems insufficient praise. In any case, however, I confidently commend them to people who have not the time for novels, or the taste for new Spanish plays. For my own pleasure I could wish that there were at once a score of books like these two.

W. D. HOWELLS.

CITY PARKS.

BRIGHT hints of rustic green and glow
  Amid the city's arid streets,
Of free fresh life that longs to blow
  Where the strong heart of Nature beats,
Where glad birds sing and soft streams flow.

Man made the city—built it wide
  And mighty in his eager will,
He built it with his hope, his pride,
  His scorn, his hate: through wood and hill
And solitudes once sanctified.

His labor, with its bold intent,
  Strove to one large and certain end:
Here hot ambition seeks its vent,
  Here life is mad to gain and spend,
Here love burns fast and faith is rent.

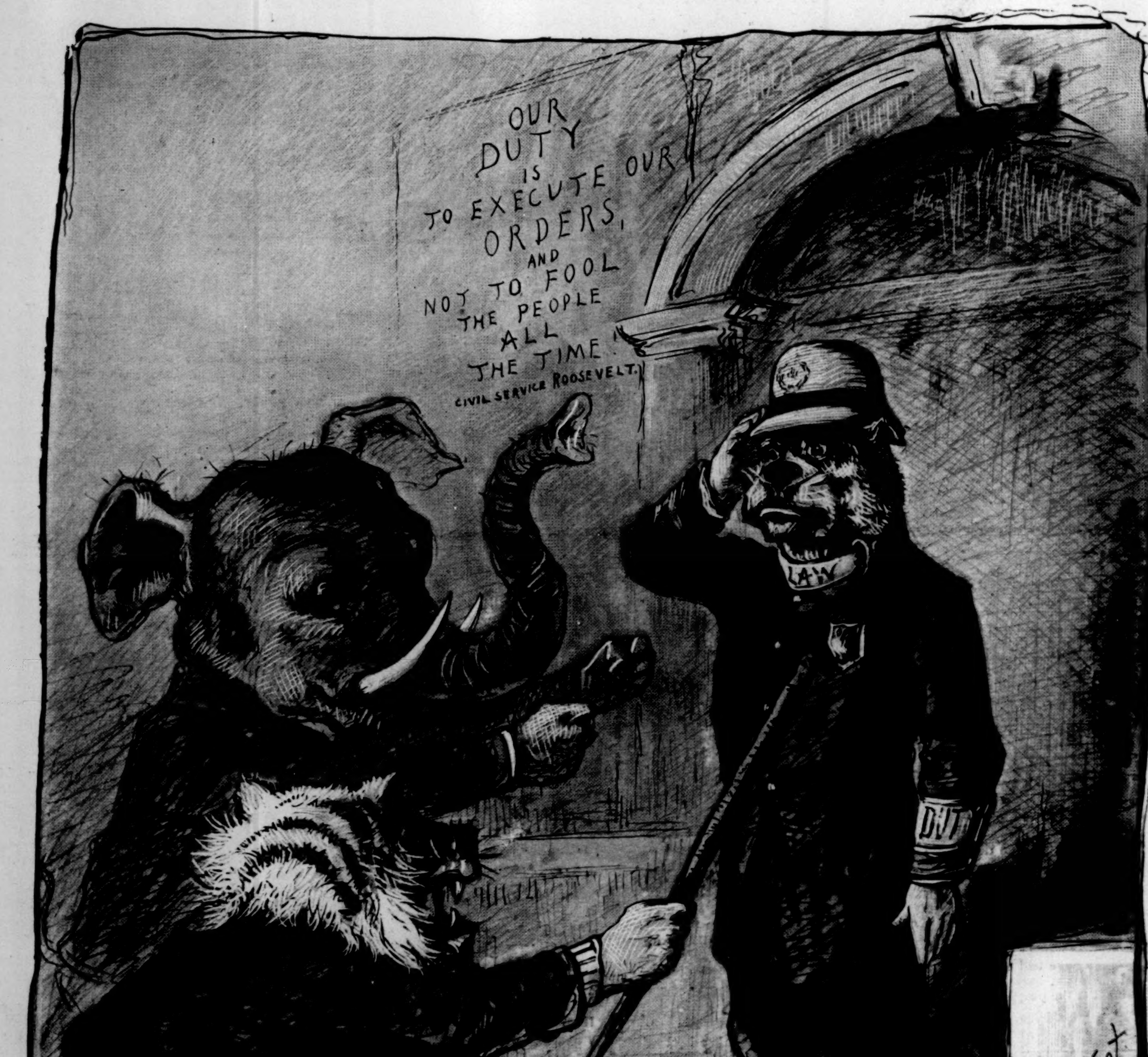
Here wealth, like some old tyrannous power,
  Flaunts its rich radiance in the eyes
Of them who cry for bread, and cower
  Under serene, unpitying skies,
Like some rain-smitten meadow flower.

The poor, the poor! ah, they must bear
  Their burdens with impervious hearts;
They are the many, and they fare
  Bravely and play their humble parts
Amid the world's divine despair.

To these the joy of blossoming earth,
  Of verdure-weighted summer trees,
Of fragrant grass and blooms at birth,
  Of a rose-scented vagrant breeze,
Hints of new dream and halcyon mirth,—

Yes, hints of youth with soul of fire,
  Of youth that smiles upon the years,
That feels the glory of desire
  Burning through human griefs and tears,
Youth whom the songs of love inspire.

GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.


OUR DUTY IS TO EXECUTE OUR ORDERS, AND NOT TO FOOL THE PEOPLE ALL THE TIME! CIVIL SERVICE ROOSEVELT.
LAW
DUTY
LAW-MAKERS: "HOW DARE YOU CARRY OUT THE LAWS WE MAKE? USE DISCRETION" "—YES, AND LIBERAL INTERPRETATION!"
Th: Nast

HIS FATHER'S SON.*

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS,

AUTHOR OF "VIGNETTES OF MANHATTAN," "A STORY OF A STORY AND OTHER STORIES," "STUDIES OF THE STAGE," "AMERICANISMS AND BRITICISMS," ETC.

V.

TOWARDS the middle of March, Mr. and Mrs. Winslow Pierce returned from their wedding-trip, and took possession of a floor of the house on Madison Square. Winslow's mother wished to make Mary welcome, and she had refitted and refurnished the rooms her daughter-in-law was to occupy; her taste was simple, if uncultivated; and the parlor on the corner, and the large sunny bedroom adjoining, and the dressing-room beyond, with its simple bath-tub, were comfortable, if a little bare. The bareness Mary did not object to, for it left her free to complete the installation according to her own ideas.

And within a fortnight after the young couple had settled themselves the rooms had taken on a most home-like appearance, as though they had been lived in for years. The parlor especially, with its many wide windows and with its spacious easy-chairs, inviting a sitter to toast his feet at the cheerful hickory fire while looking out of the window into the golden and brown sunset far across the river—the parlor especially was restful and cozy. Mrs. Pierce was scrupulous in respecting her daughter-in-law's privacy, and she never intruded; but she gladly accepted every invitation to go up stairs and have a chat. In the society of the bright and healthy girl the old woman discovered how lonely they had been before their son's wife came to live with them, and she wondered aloud how it was that they had ever been able to get along without Mary.

On her part, the young woman was equally tactful. She became very much attached to her mother-in-law, and delighted in coaxing the elder lady to mount the stairs and to take possession of the tufted rocking-chair in a corner of the parlor near two of the windows. Mary never interfered in the housekeeping, but when Mrs. Pierce consulted her she did not refrain from suggestions, which were always accepted eagerly and gratefully. Thus it soon became an established custom for Mrs. Pierce to climb up to her son's apartment every afternoon a little before five for a cup of tea.

This institution of five-o'clock tea, rather absurd in a house where dinner was served punctually at six, was greatly approved by Sanchez, the negro butler. He brought up the toasted crackers and the cream every afternoon with a feeling that the household was becoming more fashionable; and he set them down on the little low tea table with the subdued swagger which was characteristic of him whenever he was on his best behavior. Towards the bride of "Master Winslow"—as he still called the son of the house—the butler was most deferential always.

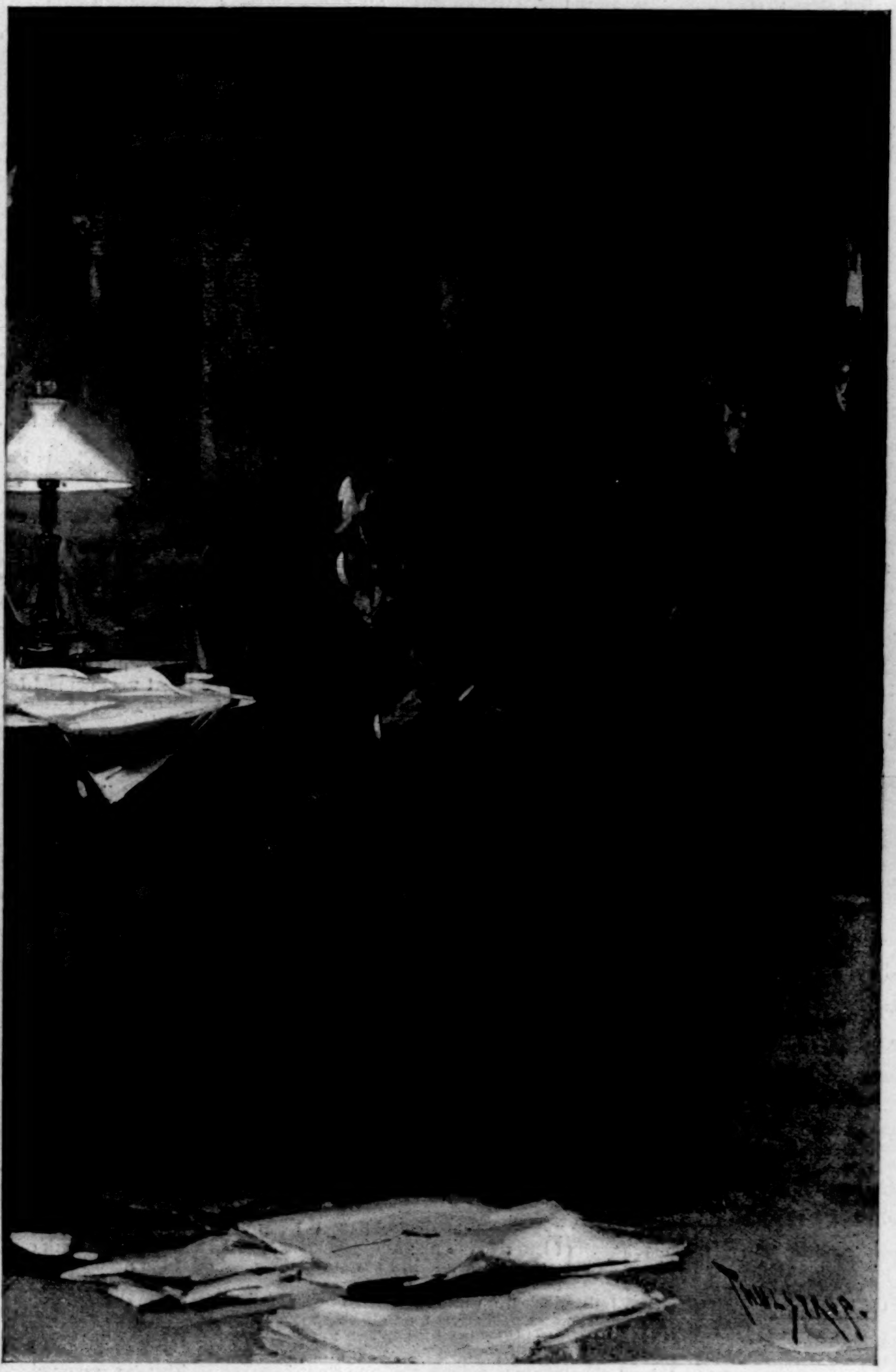
Sanchez was a Baltimore negro, now nearly fifty, who had been with the Pierces ever since he had waited on them satisfactorily at a hotel in Long Branch, nearly twenty years before. He was fully aware that he had a very good place. He had a high temper, and occasionally he lost control of it, but otherwise he was a model attendant. Two years after he came to New York he had joined Doctor Thurston's church. Ezra Pierce was particular in "not permitting lies to be told in the house," as he phrased it; and when he denied himself to visitors Sanchez never had to say "not at home," but was allowed to declare frankly that the master of the house was "engaged."

On Sundays only Sanchez did not bring the cream and the crackers up to Mrs. Winslow Pierce's parlor precisely as the clock struck five, for on Sundays the family had tea together in the dining-room at six. The Sunday dinner was at one, and it was composed chiefly of cold things, that the cook might be spared labor on the Sabbath day. Even Mary, the daughter of the president of a New England college, could not but feel a certain narrowness and rigidity in the Sabbath routine in Ezra Pierce's house. They went to church together in the morning, of course, all four of them; and again in the evening. In the afternoon Ezra Pierce, by some strange twist of his code, permitted himself to read the newspapers, and to make abundant notes and calculations in the long note-book he carried in the left breast pocket of his ill-fitting coat. So absorbed would he be in this ciphering that he did not always hear the young people come into the parlor to tell him that they were going for a walk.

Those long walks with her young husband on Sunday afternoon were the pleasantest memories that remained in later years to Mary Pierce of her first winter in New York. No matter what the weather might be, in a belated March snow-storm or in a blustering April shower, the young couple would start out about three o'clock and walk up to Central Park, and part way around it, talking about themselves, discussing their past and their future, and making projects for happiness to be attained the next year and the years after. Sometimes they came back soaked through, and Winslow's mother would be afraid they might catch their death of cold. But they would change their clothes and come down to the Sunday tea table in almost indecorously good spirits.

Perhaps they would find Ezra Pierce in the same chair they had left him in, with the newspapers scattered about him, and still making calculations in the note-book. Or perhaps they would discover him deep in thought, gazing steadfastly into the fire, with a pencil tight in his fingers, and with a knot in his forehead. Mary thought that he worked too hard, and with too steady a tension. She ventured to suggest his reading a novel now and then as a relief to the strain of business. But he had no time for reading except on Sunday, and he would not take up a work of fiction on the Sabbath day. Besides, he cared little for any stories except those of Dickens. He liked to see the sunny side of life presented in novels, he said: there were enough sad things in reality without going to books for them; he did not find any pleasure in reading Thackeray, who was too cynical, and who took too mean a view of humanity; he thought *Vanity Fair* an immoral book.

It was at the tea table one Sunday evening, early in May, that Ezra Pierce expressed these views, in response to Mary's questions.



"PERHAPS THEY WOULD FIND EZRA PIERCE IN THE SAME CHAIR THEY HAD LEFT HIM IN."

She did not answer him. From her residence in a college town she had absorbed such a taste for literature as to give her a distaste for what seemed to her the cheap caricature and the tawdry pathos of Dickens. But she knew there was no use in presenting her opinions to Ezra Pierce. Already she had learned to understand some of his peculiarities; when he had once fixed an opinion, argument and discussion were useless.

It was Mrs. Pierce who spoke next. "I do not see how you can like Dickens, father," she said; "all his books are so coarse. And then there's that Mr. Stiggins, in—in the *Pickwick Papers*, isn't it? It seems to me very contemptible to put a man in a book like that—I mean that sort of a man."

"That Stiggins is a disgusting fellow," Winslow remarked; "but it's very funny where they all drink so much tea, isn't it? Besides, there are very few ministers like him, I hope."

"Did you know, Mary," Mrs. Pierce continued, "that I wanted Winslow should be a minister?"

"No," Mary returned, reproachfully. "He never told me that."

"Well," Winslow explained, "it was ever so long ago, wasn't it, mother?"

"It was when he went to college," Mrs. Pierce went on. "That was what I hoped, at least, for I won't say as father was ever as anxious for it as I was."

"No," said Ezra Pierce, gravely. "I thought that if Winslow had any head for business he'd do better for the church by staying outside of it and making money and giving freely. My mother would have liked me to be a minister, too, when I was a little boy—but we were too poor then. And I guess I've done better by the church than if I'd studied for the ministry. It takes one kind of man to do the preaching in the pulpit, and it takes a different kind of man to manage the business and to supply the money and to build new churches and to pay for missionaries. Now I don't believe I should have been very good at the preaching part of it, but I can do my share of the business part."

"No, father," Mrs. Pierce returned, "I don't think you'd ever have had a call to preach. But perhaps Winslow would have had a call if he'd studied for the ministry. And Doctor Thurston said, last time he visited us, the churches need young men of force and character—and the young men need the training and strength of the Christian pulpit. It might have been better for Winslow to be a minister—I'm sure I don't know."

"That's what I like about the doctor," said Winslow. "He's modern and go-ahead. He understands the importance of keeping the churches abreast of the times and in the van of progress. And he hasn't the foolish fear of money some clergymen seem to have."

"It must be a pretty poor church," said Ezra Pierce, "where the preacher is afraid of money. How's he going to do any good without it, that's what I should like to know?"

"Doctor Thurston knows better than to talk that way," Mrs. Pierce returned.

"That's what I think," Winslow broke in again; "and that's why these things they say against him seem to me so mean."

"What can anybody have against the doctor?" asked Mrs. Pierce.

"Oh, I don't know that I ought to have mentioned it," her son explained. "But I was thinking of one thing I had heard only last week—a clever thing, too, I suppose, but really mean."

"What was it?" his mother demanded.

"Well," the son responded, "I heard a man say that Sam Sargent said that if Doctor Thurston would only preach restitution instead of repentance, he would empty his church in a month."

Mary was about to speak; but she looked at Ezra Pierce, and then changed her mind and said nothing.

Mrs. Pierce was indignant. "I don't see how you can repeat such a thing, Winslow! I'm really surprised at you!"

"But, mother," her son apologized, "I was only telling you what I had heard that man Sargent had said."

"I know," she admitted. "But you shouldn't do that even. And as for Mr. Sargent, if all I hear about him is true, it would do him good to sit under Doctor Thurston's preaching—not for one month only, but for the rest of his life."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2012.

Ezra Pierce had moved impatiently at the mention of Sargent's name. Now he broke into the conversation again.

"That kind of man isn't going to prosper long," he said. "We need not put ourselves out about him. Some day he will get sorely punished—and it will serve him right too!"

His son's wife was watching him as he said these words, and she thought she had never seen a more masterful look on his face. It grieved her also to think that she also detected more than a suggestion of vindictiveness in his expression. She saw him take up his cup and gulp down his tea as though to quench an inward fire.

After their light repast was over, and when they were all standing in the hall, ready to start for the evening sermon, the door-bell rang, and Sanchez admitted Mr. Silvige.

The visitor apologized for coming at such an inopportune moment, but he wanted a few words with Mr. Pierce before the Stock Exchange opened the next morning.

"Certainly," said Ezra Pierce, eagerly. "I've been wondering whether you wouldn't be in this evening. Go into the parlor, and I'll be with you in a moment."

As Mr. Silvige passed into the parlor Ezra Pierce said to his wife: "Now, mother, you go right along to church without me. I—"

"But, Ezra—" she began.

"I've got to talk to Mr. Silvige now," he interrupted, with his harsh voice. "It's important—very important. You go to church without me now. I'll come if I can—later."

Mrs. Pierce made no further protest. Indeed, Ezra Pierce had left her at once and joined Mr. Silvige in the parlor.

As Mrs. Pierce went down the steps with Winslow and Mary she sighed.

"I do wish father had come with us to-night," she said. "I know the doctor is going to give us a good sermon."

"I don't see how it is father is willing to work Sundays himself," Winslow began. "He won't let anybody else work on the Sabbath, you know. He never takes a carriage on Sunday, does he, mother? And I don't believe he ever even goes in a car. But talking to Mr. Silvige is work, I'm sure, isn't it, Mary?"

"I don't know," Mary answered. "That is," she added, "I don't know what they are talking about."

"Your father was always unselfish," Mrs. Pierce explained. "He's willing to do himself what he wouldn't expect others to do for him."

"I suppose that's it," Winslow admitted. "But I wish he'd rest Sundays anyway. I'm sure he needs it as much as any car-horse does."

"I wish he would rest more, too," said Winslow's mother. "I've told him so for years—ever since I can remember. But he can't ever find time. He has always something which needs his whole attention. I'm sure he has some new project on hand now. Oh, I know the symptoms—I've seen them so often. And he feels that he must make money now, for there are so many calls on him every day."

"I don't believe that any man does more good with his wealth than father," Winslow declared, proudly.

"Did I tell you, Mary," said Mrs. Pierce, "that Doctor Thurston wants to build a hospital in connection with the church, with play-grounds on the roof for the little children? Well, he does—and it will cost half a million at least. Father told him last time he came to dine with us that if he could carry through what he had on hand he'd give him a hundred thousand dollars for the hospital. I believe the doctor isn't going to ask the congregation for any of the money until father is ready to give him the hundred thousand."

As they talked over Ezra Pierce's plans and projects they walked across Madison Square, where the trees were beautiful in the budding freshness of the spring. They turned up Fifth Avenue, and reached the church just as the first notes of the organ swelled forth softly.

Doctor Thurston took his text that evening from the epistle of St. James:

"Go to, now, ye rich, weep and howl for your miseries that are coming upon you.

"Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten.

"Your gold and your silver are rusted; and their rust shall be for a testimony against you, and shall eat your flesh as fire. Ye have laid up your treasure in the last days."

Mrs. Pierce and Winslow listened while the duty of giving freely was expounded and insisted upon with fervor and with skill. Mary thrilled under the eloquence of the sermon, even while reproaching herself inwardly for a vague doubt as to the absolute sincerity of the preacher.

When they were leaving the church Mrs. Pierce sighed again.

"I do wish father could have come to-night," she said. "I do so hate to have him miss a sermon like that. It would have interested him, and done him good too—for he'd have known that he'd done his full duty in giving away money."

But even when they returned to the house the conference with Mr. Silvige was not yet ended; and Ezra Pierce came out into the hall and bade them all good-night somewhat hastily, returning at once to the parlor, where the stock-broker awaited him.

VI.

The next morning father and son arrived in Broad Street a little earlier than usual. On the desk in the private office was a pile of letters waiting to be opened. Ezra Pierce took his seat before the desk and tore open the envelopes one after the other, throwing rapidly into the waste-basket the printed circulars of one kind or another which filled half of them. He never allowed a clerk to interfere with his correspondence, and most of the letters he received were filed away without being read by any one else. He always wrote the answers himself, not having adopted the more modern devices of the stenographer and the type-writer.

That Monday morning in May, before he had opened all his letters, he called to his son:

"Winslow, go round to Hitchcock & Van Rensellaer's and tell Mr. Van Rensellaer I want to see him to-day. Perhaps he can come here this morning."

As Winslow left the office to go to the lawyers' Ezra Pierce adjusted on his large nose the gold spectacles he had to use for reading, and he turned again to his correspondence.

"Mr. Farebrother," he called, a minute later.

"Yes, sir," said the clerk, stepping to the door of the private office.

"If Mr. Silvige comes any time to day, let me know at once," commanded Ezra Pierce. "No matter who it is I'm talking to. I want to see him. And shut that door now, will you?"

Farebrother closed the door, secluding Ezra Pierce in the private office. Then he went back to his desk.

"The old man's up to some new scheme," he said, as he took his seat. "He isn't sending for Silvige and consulting Van Rensellaer for nothing. I wonder what sort of a thing it's going to be this time?"

He gave an interrogative inflection to his delivery of this last remark, but it elicited no comment from the bookkeeper, who did not even raise his head.

"What's our balance this morning?" Farebrother asked. "Under a million, isn't it?"

"Under half a million," Arrowsmith answered, without turning.

"As low as that, is it?" Farebrother returned. "We're getting pretty poor, ain't we? I guess that raid on Transcontinental and Niobrara Central cost the old man more'n he likes to think about. I know I shouldn't want to lose such a pile of money, if I had it. Why, if I had the old man's balance in bank this morning, do you know what I'd do?"

"Yes," the old bookkeeper responded, looking at him for the first time. "You would lose it in a month."

"Now that's where you're wrong," his fellow clerk returned, calmly. "If I had half a million, I'd quit the Street pretty darn quick—I would. I wouldn't have a ticker in the house. No; I'd keep my money tight—let it out on bond and mortgage, maybe—improved property, of course. Then I'd go in for Society. I'd make the other three hundred and ninety-nine find room for me somewhere."

The outer door of the office opened, and Mr. Silvige entered briskly.

"Mr. Pierce in?" he asked.

"Yes," Farebrother answered, crossing to the door of the private office and knocking. "And he said he wanted to see you as soon as you came."

"Come!" called the resonant voice of Ezra Pierce.

Farebrother opened the door, and Mr. Silvige disappeared into the private office.

"I cabled last night after I left you," he was heard to say, "and I've just got the answer. The London market is very dull just now, but they think they could handle bonds for a hundred thousand pounds."

"That will do," Ezra Pierce declared. "That's all I want."

And then Farebrother thought it best to close the door of the private office, and to go back to his own desk reluctantly.

The conference with Mr. Silvige lasted only a few minutes, and he left Mr. Pierce just as Winslow returned.

The son went into the private office. "Mr. Van Rensellaer will see you here or at his office at three o'clock, if that will do," he said.

"Telephone him to come here to see me then," Ezra Pierce answered. "I've got all the papers here I want to consult him about."

Winslow sent this message, and then stood for a minute idly watching the constant movement in the street below in front of the Stock Exchange.

"Here, Winslow," called his father, "you answer this letter for me."

The son entered the private office, and closed the door behind him.

Ezra Pierce thrust a letter towards him, saying, "The man's a fool. He says he's a minister, too. I never heard of him, and he wants me to advise him how to speculate in Wall Street."

"Well, that is pretty cool," Winslow remarked, taking the letter and glancing over it. "What shall I write him?"

"Tell him not to speculate at all. Tell him I never speculate myself," said Ezra Pierce, forcibly. "It's fools mostly who speculate. You remember this always, Winslow—that it isn't by taking chances you make money; it's by making the chances for yourself."

"Shall I tell this man that too?" asked Winslow.

"It wouldn't be any use," his father answered. "But you may tell him this, if you like—not to speculate at all; but if he has money, to invest it in good securities. I don't know but what you might as well say that these new industrial stocks are good things to put money in: they are based on the solid assets of manufacturing business."

"All right," answered the son. "I think I can write him the sort of letter you want. And, you know, writing letters for you now and then is all I have to do down here yet."

The father looked up at his son from under his thick grizzled eyebrows. Then he took off his spectacles, and swung around in his chair with his back to the desk.

"Sit down, Winslow," he began, "and I'll tell you something I didn't mean to tell you just yet awhile."

The son took the chair opposite his father and said, "I hope you've got something more for me to do."

"That's just it," his father answered. "I've seen you haven't had much of a chance this winter. I meant to give you a place as vice-president, but I couldn't arrange that. Now I've got something better for you."

"Better than a vice-presidency?" Winslow responded, as his father paused, seemingly to invite his reply. "Then I guess it must be a presidency."

"It's a presidency," returned his father, "of a company with a million dollars capital."

"Oh, father!" was all that the young man was capable of saying in his sudden joy.

"I don't know as I told you that I bought the Ramapo potteries a few weeks ago, and I'm now going to have them turned into a stock company," Ezra Pierce continued. "That's what Mr. Van Rensellaer is at work on. It is to be called the Ramapo Pottery Company. It will be capitalized at a million, and I shall put you in as president."

"But, father," the son was able to say at last, "am I competent? I don't know anything at all about potteries, and—"

"That's no matter," his father went on. "I don't know as you need to know anything. Of course we shall retain the man who is managing it now—Wemyss, his name is. He'll see that the works are kept up all right. That's his business, that sort of thing. And they all tell me that this Wemyss is a first-rate man."

"Then what am I to do?" Winslow inquired.

"You're to represent me in the company—to look after my interest," Ezra Pierce answered. "I shall put Mr. Van Rensellaer on the board of directors, and perhaps Mr. Farebrother. Mr. Silvige has been arranging to place five hundred thousand dollars of first mortgage bonds in London, and I've no doubt it can be done. The million stock I shall keep myself for the present."

"Well, father," said Winslow, "if you think I'm fit for so responsible a position, I'll do what I can."

"Of course," his father continued, "I don't know how long this will go on."

"I see," Winslow admitted; "if I'm not satisfactory I'm to be removed?"

His father laughed grimly. "You'll be satisfactory to me—and there isn't anybody else who can say a word. I own all the stock, I told you."

"Well, then," began the son, puzzled, "how—"

"You can keep the place," Ezra Pierce declared, "as long as there is any Ramapo Pottery Company. How long that will be I don't know. I'm working hard now to bring about a combination of all the leading potteries in the country. If I succeed—and I'm pretty sure to—then the Ramapo Pottery Company will be only a branch of the General Ceramic Company."

"Do you mean that you are forming a trust?" the son asked.

"They don't call them trusts now," his father answered, "because the courts interfere. But it's the same thing, I suppose."

Winslow looked at his father wonderingly. "But I thought trusts were very unpopular, and—"

"And that's why we are not going to call this one a trust. It's to be a company, as I told you. It will absorb all the leading potteries of the whole United States—and I know one in Canada that may come in—but with the tariff we don't mind about Canadian competition. It's to have a capital of forty millions. I shall make you a director, of course; I shall need a representative on the board."

Winslow was still puzzled. He did not quite see why his father was undertaking an enterprise of this character.

"I didn't know that you approved of trusts," he ventured to suggest.

"But I do," Ezra Pierce declared. "It is only by combining that manufacturers can protect their own interests. A corporation like the General Ceramic Company can make enormous economies. They can reduce the cost of doing business by doing away with cutthroat competition. They can get their raw material cheaper by having only one buyer. They can afford to close the unprofitable works, and save money that way."

"That would throw a lot of men out of work, wouldn't it?" Winslow asked.

"I suppose it would," his father answered. "But what of it? A good man is never long out of a job in America. I know that myself. I never waited for a job to come to me; I went out and found one for myself. And if there are any men discharged, that's what they will have to do too."

"But all men haven't your energy, father," Winslow responded, "and—"

"So much the worse for them, then," his father interrupted. "I made my way in the world without anybody's coddling me, and everybody else had better do the same. I don't say but what there'll be cases of hardship now and then—maybe there will—but the chance of that ought not to keep us from going ahead with an improvement. Every great enterprise costs human lives; a dozen men died while they were building the Brooklyn Bridge; that's inevitable. It is a pity, but it can't be helped. The only thing for a man to do is to see that he is one of the men on shore directing things, and not down under the water risking his life. But somebody has got to take the chances whenever any great work is to be done."

"I suppose so," said Winslow, reluctantly. "You are right, of course. Yet it does seem hard on the men who have to be crushed under the wheels of progress."

"We must make it as easy for them as we can when the time comes," Ezra Pierce declared. "But we can't let thinking about them hinder the consolidation which has got to come, and which will help everybody when it does come."

"I suppose not," admitted Winslow, doubtfully.

"In the mean time," Ezra Pierce continued, "you will be president of the Ramapo Pottery Company. You will need an office, and—open that door, Winslow, and call Mr. Farebrother."

When the clerk came Ezra Pierce bade him go and see if the room on the other side of the outer office was still vacant; and if so, to take it at once for a year in the name of the Ramapo Pottery Company.

Farebrother departed on his errand, and Ezra Pierce turned to his son again.

"That office next door will do very well for you. There's a communicating door, too. You won't need any clerk just now. All the business will be done from the works by the manager; I shall not bother with that. You know I have no taste for details of that sort."

"That's partly why I'm so surprised to find you owning a pottery," his son commented. "I didn't know you ever had anything to do with one."

"I didn't till last month," his father explained; "then I heard that this one was for sale. In fact, it was offered to me cheap, and I took it. Now—I think I see my way to making some money out of it; and it will be a great help in getting up the General Ceramic Company."

A few minutes later Mr. Farebrother returned with the news that he had been able to lease the adjoining office. The janitor was sent for at once; and the communicating door being unlocked, Ezra Pierce and his son went in to see the new headquarters of the Ramapo Pottery Company. It was a small room, having but one window on Broad Street.

"This will do very well," said Ezra Pierce. "You can have the floor carpeted to-morrow. Then you can move in your own desk. Buy three or four chairs—three will do. Then there's that tall book-case you had in your

room before you were married, you remember, Winslow? Well, you had better have that brought down here; it will do to hold papers."

As they went back to the larger office Mr. Farebrother asked what should be painted on the glass of the outer door of the new office.

"I can have my name on it, can't I?" asked Winslow, with a faint blush.

"I don't know why you shouldn't," answered his father. "That's to be your office hereafter."

Therefore within forty-eight hours after this conversation the door of the new office received this golden legend: "Ramapo Pottery Company. Winslow Pierce, President." The office itself was carpeted, the three chairs were bought, and the desk was moved in.

It was in May that Winslow Pierce was elected president of the new corporation; and in July the organization of the General Ceramic Company was completed, and about a third of the forty million dollars of stock was offered to the public. The rest of the shares had been taken by the owners of the various potteries which had been absorbed by the "Crockery Trust," as the new corporation was promptly nicknamed in the Street. Ezra Pierce, for example, received a million dollars of stock in the General Ceramic in return for the million stock of the Ramapo Pottery Company.

In the course of the summer the stock of the General Ceramic had all been taken, and it became a favorite in the Street. Pools were organized to put it up to 125; and then, when the members of the pool had unloaded, the price would slowly fall to 101. But it never went below par once, despite all the doubts of the political campaign then nearing its height. To this election General Ceramic looked forward with dread, as it was in deadly fear of any revision of the tariff in which its interests were not carefully guarded. As the stock rose under skilful manipulation, after any speech or debate or expression of opinion which seemed to promise victory for the party favored by General Ceramic, Ezra Pierce began to sell his million dollars' worth of shares.

"I don't know as the election won't go against us," he said to Winslow; "besides, this silver question will give us trouble before long, and all the industrials will suffer then. I shall realize on my investment as fast as I can safely."

When Ezra Pierce took his wife and his son's wife to Saratoga, on the 1st of August, for a month, he left Winslow in charge of the office in New York, with special instructions to watch General Ceramic, to advise with Mr. Cusachs every morning, and to consult freely by telegraph.

Winslow went up Saturday afternoons by rail, and came down Sunday evenings by the night boat. Sometimes Ezra Pierce went back to the city with him for a day or two, in spite of Mrs. Pierce's begging him to stay and take some rest. In the month that the party remained in Saratoga, Ezra Pierce was there less than half the time. It seemed as though resting was more wearisome to him than the most active labor. The heat of the city did not affect him—indeed, he was generally unconscious of it.

During the last of Ezra Pierce's brief stays in Saratoga, when Winslow had been making all things ready for the return of the family to town, the young man came back from his luncheon one afternoon, having bought the latest number of the *Stock Exchange Standard*, which had become a lively and often libellous little sheet, and which his father would not allow in the office.

In the absence of his father, Winslow permitted himself the luxury of a cigarette after his meals. He had just lighted one as he sat himself down before his own desk, when he chanced to read this paragraph in the column headed "Sayings of the Street":

"Old Ezra Pierce is not above turning an honest penny. Of course he prefers a dishonest dollar, but he does not scorn the penny for all that. We all know that he put the Ramapo Pottery Works into General Ceramic for a million. But we don't all know that all of this million was clean profit. He bought the works from a man named Ehninger, who has just died in the Adirondacks, and all he paid for them was half a million. He organized the Ramapo Company, and capitalized it at a million, and put in his son as president. Then he had a brilliant idea. He issued a six-per-cent. first mortgage for a hundred thousand pounds, and placed all the bonds in London. So the million stock of the General Ceramic was just so much found money for him. It is thus the rich man manages to lay by for a rainy day; a million-dollar umbrella won't be a bad thing to have in the house when the storm breaks."

That was all. Winslow read it through twice, and a great dread fell upon him. With all his respect for his father, he had a fear that this might be true, after all. He went over all his father had said to him, and all he knew from others about the purchase, and his doubts grew almost into a certainty.

At last he mustered courage to go into the larger office and ask a question from the old bookkeeper.

"Mr. Arrowsmith," he began, and his voice clung to his palate, "do you know what it was father paid Ehninger for the Ramapo works?"

"Yes," Arrowsmith answered. "I made out the check. It was for four hundred and eighty thousand dollars."

"Thank you," said Winslow, and he went back to his own room, sick at heart, as he had never been before.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TO NORTHERN LABRADOR.

BY RALPH GRAHAM TABER.

"THERE goes a first-class funeral!" a bystander remarked, as we cast off our wharf lines on the thirtieth day of June and started upon our summer cruise.

The *Swallow's* register was twenty-two tons, and more than half of her available space was occupied by her boiler and machinery. She was capable of steaming six knots per hour under favorable circumstances, and could sometimes cover nine to ten with a good fair breeze, as she was schooner-rigged and carried a small mainsail, large foresail, and jib. Her length was forty-eight feet; beam, twelve feet; draught, six feet; and her cabin accommodated six persons. There were two extra berths in the engine-room, aft, for the fireman and engineer. A small boat, surely, to charter for the journey from St. John's, Newfoundland, to northern Labrador and return, a salt-water voyage of over two thousand miles.

The majority of the uninformed would undoubtedly have agreed with the merchant's chance remark, but the result proved him mistaken.

Those who have never been over the ground can scarcely appreciate the nature of this trip, which is erroneously considered a very hazardous one. The fact is, there is scarcely a point on the entire eastern coast-line of Newfoundland and Labrador where a secure harbor cannot be reached by an hour's steady steaming. The Labrador coast is particularly favorable for cruising in small vessels, as it is fringed with a perfect net-work of islands. The passages between these and the mainland are usually deep, and free from reefs or shoals. Where the latter exist they may be avoided with ease, for their color is universally light, and they are visible to the person on watch at a considerable distance, because of the extreme clearness of the water. The published charts show but a small percentage of the islands and protected channels; none of the deep bays and inlets north of Cape Harrison have ever been surveyed, and but few of them explored; but the resident Esquimaux are excellent pilots, and their services are easily procured.

We encountered great numbers of large icebergs before we crossed the Strait of Belle Isle. The floe ice appeared off Cape North, but it was not until we reached "Ice Tickles," at the northern entrance to Crosswater Bay, that it caused us any annoyance. We were obliged to pass through a string of it four miles wide in order to reach an anchorage that night, and more than once had occasion to thank the stout green-heart sheathing and heavy cross-timbers which protected the *Swallow's* bows.

From Ice Tickles to Cape Harrigan we fought our way, a distance of two hundred miles, and our dread of the slack ice soon gave place to a feeling of pleasurable excitement, as we forced through it, carroming from pan to pan.

Coasting along the mainland, we caught attractive glimpses here and there of rapid brooks and roaring waterfalls, and at the little fishing stations where we were wont to anchor for the night our larder was generally replenished with a few fine trout, a salmon, or a cod. The streams and ponds, teeming with speckled beauties, were very tempting, but we were confident of better sport beyond, and did not put our rods together for serious work until we came to anchor in Aillik Bay.

Here, beneath the shadow of Altagaiyivivik's snow-crowned crest, we indulged in our first day's sport.

The mountain sends out five great spurs into the sea, like monstrous fingers of an outspread hand, and forms with them a succession of deep wild bays, each fed with a number of cold spring brooks, in which the trout are of exceptional size, their average weight being not less than two pounds, while an occasional one will tip the scales at four. These streams may all be waded, and almost any fly will cause a rise.

The steep ravines and terraces on the mountain-side are excellent caribou ground, and this is the only coast point in Labrador where one may be sure of finding them at all times of the year.

The reindeer visit the coast-line further north in droves of thousands during certain seasons. This is notably the case from Davis Inlet to Ungava Bay, and during their semiannual migrations along the shore the Esquimau hunters slaughter them without mercy. At least ten thousand deer-skins are purchased annually at the five Moravian mission posts, and these certainly represent not more than one-half the number killed, for thousands of hides are reserved by the natives as material for clothing, tents, and other necessaries.

The reindeer is not the only species of large game to be found on Altagaiyivivik's slopes, for although the white-bear seldom strays so far toward the south, his ebony brother is often met with there.

The white arctic fox and great brown polar wolf are plentiful, and large numbers of water-fowl, including the black Labrador and rider ducks, build their nests on the islands in the bays.

We remained at Altagaiyivivik only long enough to become familiar with its manifold attractions of frowning precipices, rugged cliffs, and forest-covered vales.

From Aillik to Harrigan are a succession of broad bays and inlets, many of which penetrate considerable distances inland. All of these offered tempting sport, both for the rod and gun, but very little in the way of large game of any kind.

The character of this glaciated, barren district is almost identical with that of Hamilton Inlet to the Great Falls, but the resemblance ceases at Windy Tickles. After doubling Cape Harrigan's precipitous shores, an entirely different formation is presented. The scenery becomes at once the boldest, wildest, and most picturesque. The last of the fishing stations has been passed, and the Esquimaux, who come aboard in their quaint native dress of skins to trade their furs, possess no knowledge of the English tongue, except perhaps an occasional word of greeting. Every island rock is covered with the nests of water-fowl, and the white gulls soar in clouds about the inaccessible cliffs.

On every hand the mountains meet the sea, and their sides are marked with regularly beaten paths, the highways of the countless herds of migratory deer. My round-faced friend Itavaluk informed me with considerable pride that he had killed as many as one hundred and fifty deer in a single day. When it is remembered that the Esquimaux possess only the very cheapest of muzzle-loading guns, this relation speaks volumes for the sporting possibilities of the country.

The white-bear seldom stray south of Kig-la-pait; but Captain Grey, of the Hudson Bay Company's steamship, the *Erik*, exhibited a fine specimen to us, which he killed in the run between Cape Harrigan and Davis Inlet, and which weighed a trifle over nine hundred pounds.

We were not so fortunate, and it was not until we turned south from Seiglick Head that we obtained our first shot at any of these polar monsters.

Quite a gale was blowing, and we were bowling along homeward, under reefed sails, at a good ten-knots speed, when a family of three of them was sighted half a mile off our weather-bow.

Although our vessel was a most excellent sea-boat, it required some time to wear ship and overhaul them in the heavy sea, and this gave us an opportunity to quiet our nerves, so that by the time we came within range there was no danger of our overshooting.

The bears were in the water, making toward the land, a mile or more away, having evidently abandoned the distant floe ice some hours before.

They kept together, and made strenuous efforts to outswim pursuit; but finally, realizing that we were surely gaining upon them, the largest turned and faced us with glaring eyes, gnashing her teeth and venting hoarse growls of rage.

She was almost under the vessel's bows before we opened fire, and after the volley she rose half out of the water and struck at us with her monstrous paws.

By the time we had put about she was quite dead, and the remaining two, which were but half-grown males, were easily given a quietus.

It required the united efforts of all hands on board to hoist the old one over the rail with the aid of the foremast tackle. She measured nine feet six inches from tip to tip. To our great regret, we possessed no means of weighing her. We saved a hogshead of oil from their fat, and the steaks cut from the young ones were found to be as tender as veal, and quite free from any strong flavor.

The return journey was commenced September 26th, and numerous stops were made to visit points of interest which we had neglected upon our outward voyage.

Although the trouting was over, the bird season was at its best, and our guns were in constant use, even during the time we were sailing.

Of all the sport to be enjoyed in Labrador, none excels the fall ptarmigan-shooting. These birds are wonderfully abundant, and may be flushed in large coveys upon every rocky ridge.

No dog is required to hunt them, although a man to assist in carrying the game is almost a necessity. It would be impossible to secure a greater delicacy for the table, and not the least pleasurable part of the hunt is the brisk walk and climb across the picturesque hills in the bracing health-giving air. Every breath of that pure ether is a tonic, and the climate is just cool enough to tempt one to vigorous exercise.

The average summer temperature at noon is about seventy degrees Fahrenheit, and at night forty-five to fifty degrees. The July and August days are eighteen to twenty hours long, and our cabin doors were never closed, day or night, throughout the entire summer.

St. John's was reached again October 28th, without mishap of any kind, and without recording a single day's illness.

We discharged the *Swallow*, which went into winter-quarters, and upon returning to New York were agreeably surprised to find that the moderate sum of five hundred dollars would cover all the expense to each of our party of four for the entire five months' outing.

Northern Labrador may be visited at a comparatively small expense by means of the regular line of summer mail steamships which ply between St. John's and the Moravian Mission of Nain, 56° 30" north latitude.

The trip from New York city to Nain can be accomplished in this way in three weeks' time, but if one desires to explore the deep inlets in search of the best sporting country, it can only be done with comfort and convenience by means of a chartered vessel.

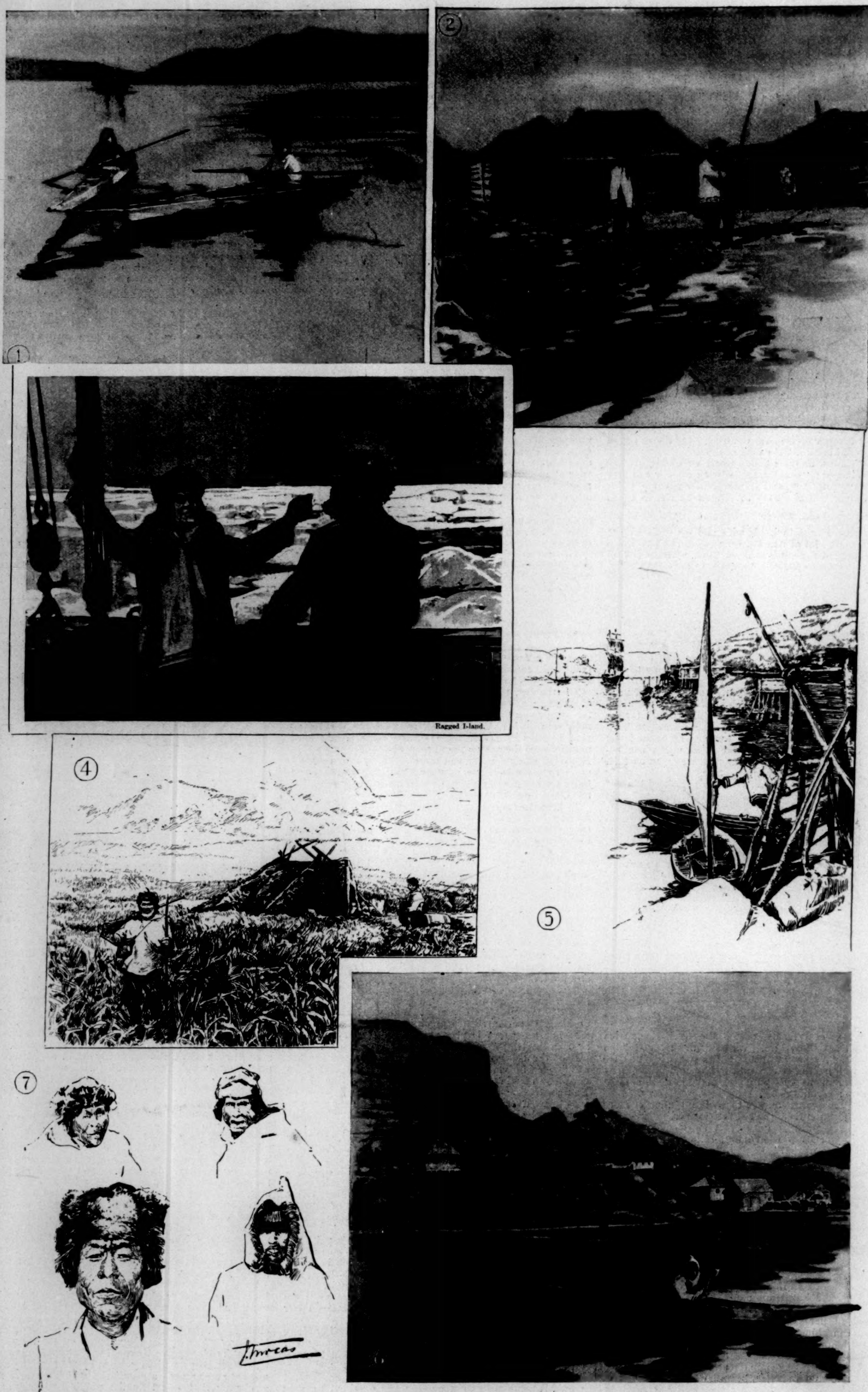
AROUND THE WORLD

WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

SOUTHERN INDIA—TRICHINOPOLY.

THERE is perhaps no more interesting district in India than that of which the ancient city and fortress of Trichinopoly is the centre. Situated in a direct line less than fifty miles to the northeast of Madura, a detour to the westward taken by the railway line increases the distance by rail to nearly seventy miles. The line runs through one of the most fertile and beautiful of the more level districts of India, occupied by a large population, and for the most part in a high state of cultivation. The plain in which Trichinopoly stands is bounded on the westward and far away to the north by mountain ranges of considerable height, while to the eastward the Pache hills intervene between the plain and the eastern coast. As a rule it is level, but here and there its uniformity is broken by some great mass of rock which rises suddenly out of the plain, a huge precipitous bowlder, commanding the level country around it. These great rock masses give a peculiar and striking character to the landscape, and they have served in times now gone by to render the plain of Trichinopoly the natural battle-ground of southern India. Chiefs and warriors were swift to perceive the natural advantages offered by these almost inaccessible masses of rock, and, like the old robber barons of the Rhine Valley, they were prompt to use them as the means of holding and terrorizing the surrounding country. In this way no doubt it happened—for the details are lost in the dim mists of a very distant past, extending far back into the centuries before our Christian era—that the plain of Trichinopoly had become a kind of recognized battle-ground for southern India. Whatever race held its rocky fortresses became the recognized master of the teeming population of its defenceless lowlands, and therefore every huge beetling cliff that dominated the plain was crowned by its mass of strongly defended towers and buttresses.

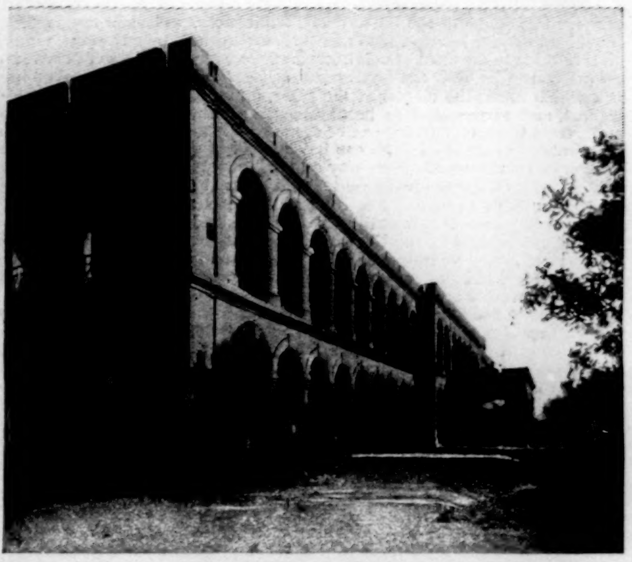
To-day Trichinopoly is the chief city of that part of India lying south of Madras, and the headquarters of the South India Railway. Some idea of the importance of the lines and their traffic may be gathered from the extent and character of the general offices, which are among the first buildings which attract the attention of the railway traveller at Trichinopoly. Like all the other arrangements of these lines, they are distinguished by their solidity and permanent appearance—a peculiarity which we have noticed as characteristic of all English public buildings of every kind in the far East, and which may perhaps have acquired this type, partly at least, with the idea of impressing the native populations with the conviction that the



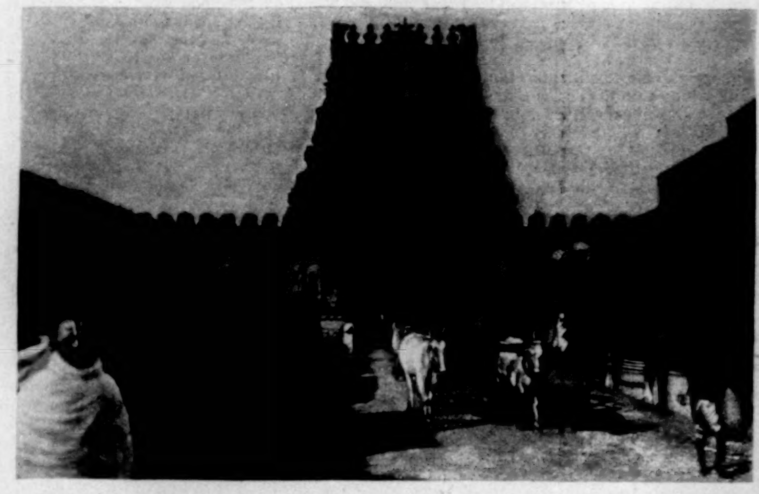
ALONG THE NORTHERN COAST OF LABRADOR.—[See Page 705.]

1. Esquimau Kayakers, near Nain. 2. Esquimau Dwellings at Hopedale. 3. Sailing through Slack Ice; Ragged Island in the Distance. 4. Seal-skin Tent, Ramah. 5. The "Fishing-plant" at Grady. 6. Devil's Dining-table and Henley Fishing-station. 7. Esquimau Types.

PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE TEMPLES FROM TOP OF THE FIRST GOPURA OR TEMPLED GATEWAY.



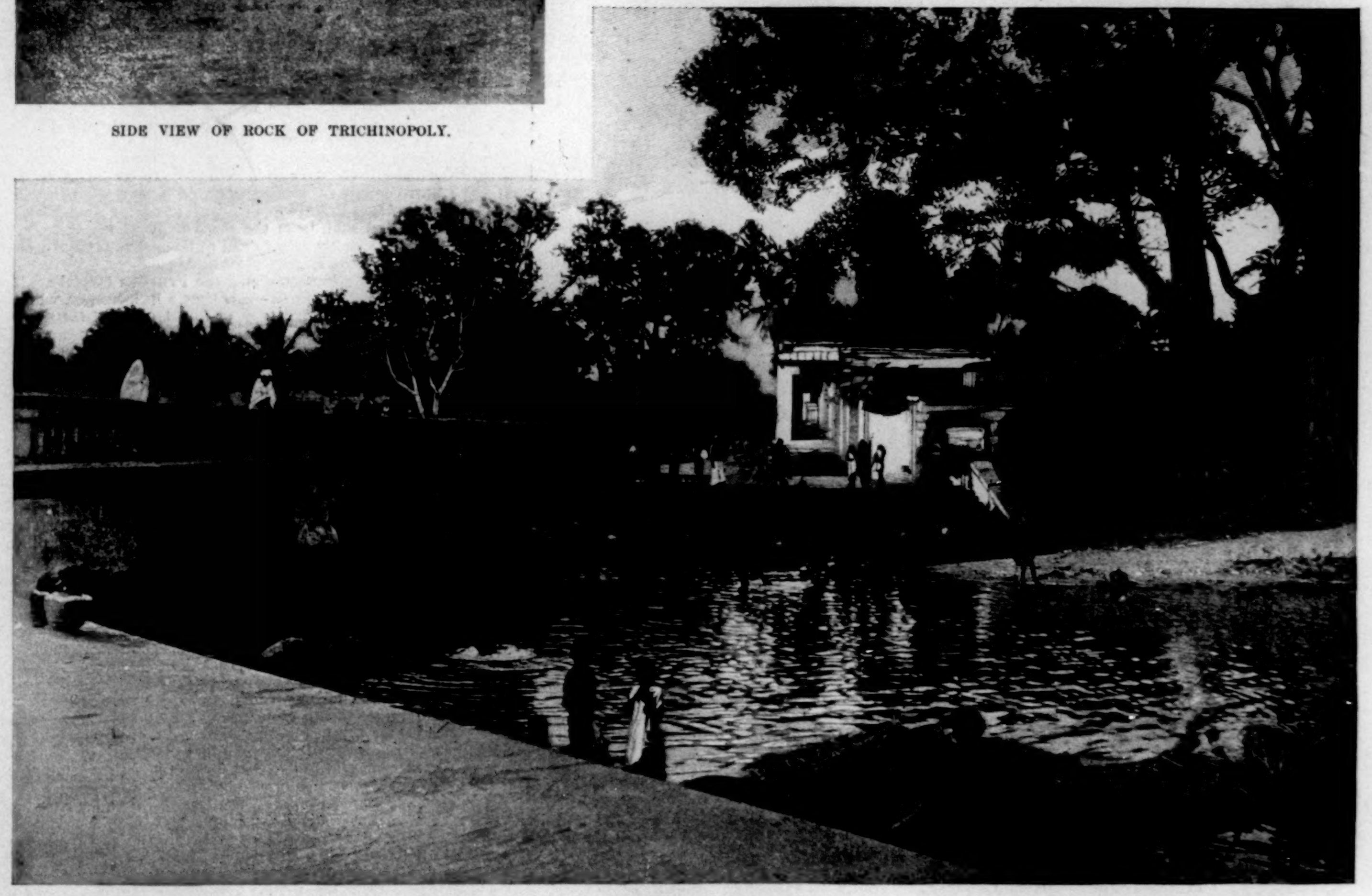
GENERAL OFFICES, SOUTHERN INDIA RAILWAY, AT TRICHINOPOLY.



THE SECOND GATE.

ONE OF THE TEMPLE ELEPHANTS BEFORE THE FOURTH GATE.

SIDE VIEW OF ROCK OF TRICHINOPOLY.



BATHING-TANKS AT THE BRIDGE.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION IN INDIA—TRICHINOPOLY.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.—[SEE PAGE 705.]

stay of this race of conquerors was intended to be a permanent one. The offices of the railway at Trichinopoly, at any rate, lend themselves readily to such an impression.

There is nothing in the town or neighborhood, however, that can pretend to emulate the impression made by the vast rock which forms the citadel of the place, crowned with its fort, and surmounted on its highest peak with the temple, from the top of which one of the most extensive and beautiful views in all India can be obtained.

There are no great temples in the city of Trichinopoly itself, which has been for too many centuries a centre of warfare to be suitable as a site for sacred buildings; but within a distance of about three miles the sacred island of Srirangam, surrounded by the Cauveri River, contains some of the most famous temples of India. The island is reached by a bridge, and lies embosomed in dense masses of trees, which surround both town and temples, and shut them off effectually from outside observation. This town is entirely a sacred one, and, unlike Trichinopoly itself, it is not the scene of trade or bustle of any sort. A lazy temple atmosphere seems to surround it, and even the inhabitants who have nothing directly to do with the temples have acquired a slow and solemn manner which accords well with their surroundings. Even the bathers in the pool below the bridge do their washing lazily, as if it was more as a sacred rite than for purposes of cleanliness that they went through their ablutions.

Everything at Srirangam, however, gives way in interest to the great temple or temples of Vishnu, for which it is famous throughout India. What town there is exists for the temple only, and forms a mere fringe round the outside wall of the vast enclosure. The temple of Vishnu was built on an ideal plan, the object being to represent the whole doctrine of the Hindoo heaven in a visible representation. In this way the seven heavens of Hindoo mythology are pictured in the seven temple enclosures, one within the other, until in the innermost the pilgrim reaches the holiest place, where Vishnu himself is supposed to be specially present, and where his effigy, incrusted with gems of absolutely priceless value, is kept, only to be displayed to the faithful for a few minutes on a single day in each year. The space embraced within the temple enclosure is nearly square, measuring about 2800 feet one way by 2500 the other; and each court is divided from the one within by a high wall, the entrance to which is through one of the lofty gate towers which are characteristic of temple architecture in India. Strangers to the Hindoo faith are not supposed to penetrate beyond the fourth of the courts, but there is no reason to imagine that the temple buildings in those that are closed against outside intrusion differ in any material respect from the others.

In each of the courts there are great halls and corridors, some of which are magnificent specimens of Eastern art. One especially, which, like that at Madura, is known as the hall of the thousand columns, is said to contain some of the finest examples of sculpture in India. Each column in this wonderful hall is said to be entirely different from the others, and each represents some living creature in such an attitude that the effigy forms the column of the pillar, and is not merely carved in relief upon its surface. The mass of carved work in and about the towers, halls, and corridors is therefore wholly beyond calculation; and it has been said that the collection of artistic sculpture which is looked down upon by the visitor who stands on the place from which our general view was taken is vastly greater, as well as infinitely more varied in character, than all the sculpture ever produced by Greece. What the worship of Siva the destroyer is to Madura, that of Vishnu the preserver is to Srirangam, and in both cases the result has been the accumulation of vast treasures of art strangely surrounded by a seething mass of human wretchedness and suffering.

THE BALTIC CANAL FROM THE PADDLER'S POINT OF VIEW.

Since the completion of the Erie Canal, seventy years ago, there never was one opened under circumstances so interesting to Americans as that joining the Atlantic with the "Great Lakes" of Europe, if I may so refer to the Baltic. For as Hamburg is the New York of Germany, this canal to Kiel becomes a sort of "Hudson River," which brings to the sea the vast commerce that floats upon a most extended net-work of lake, river, and canal extending from the northern slopes of the Alps and the mountains of Bohemia to the many small seaports of the Baltic between Russia and Denmark.

At the inauguration of this great canal were eighty war-vessels, and pleasure craft so many that one could scarcely see the shore. But in this great gathering there was no element more interesting to specialists than that furnished by our great republic. The guests of the German Emperor were carried upon the great transatlantic steamers which are called into existence by the trade with America, and it was an object-lesson to the hundreds of princes and legislators who crowded the decks of these vessels when they noted that private enterprise, under a free play of economic forces, could produce results more glorious than any that officialdom can show.

The best steam-yacht at Kiel carried the American flag, and the war-ships which combined the greatest speed with the greatest amount of cruising capacity were those carrying the banner of our country. The English had the largest number of ships, as well as the most powerful, and they shared with the United States the interest of experts. Together they made the most brilliant display at night, though the Americans were far ahead even of the English when it came to fireworks.

There was another American craft there quite as much an exponent of our originality and skill as either the *New York* or *Marblehead*. That craft weighed only eighty pounds, but it carried two little sails, could be paddled like the kayak of an Esquimau, and in time of war could carry one hundred pounds of dynamite and place it very close to any man-of-war against which it happened to bear a grudge.

Frederic Remington, the bicycle expert, believes in the "bike brigade" as the coming military unit. To the same extent I can prove that a fleet of skilful canoeists are in a position to protect New York Harbor more effectively than any other force at our disposal. For laying torpedoes in a swift and invisible and silent manner, there is material in the New York Canoe Club worth the whole of the Brooklyn Navy-yard.

But that does not belong to this chapter. My philosophy is of the kindergarten order, and I distrust conclusions that are not reached by the course of actual contact. So while all the world was piling up columns of statistics proving many contradictory things relating to the new canal, I took up my paddle and a bale of maps, jumped into my canoe *Caribee*, and started down the main inland waterway joining Berlin with Hamburg and Kiel.

I had five days free before the inaugural ceremonies, when Kiel would be a congress of princes and gilded officials. The canal was to be paid for out of taxes levied upon the people of Germany, and I wanted to see some of the people mainly interested. These wore no uniform and had no recognition at the festive ceremonies, but they are like the silent forces of nature, working day and night, rarely appreciated, never understood.

To get close to this great force was my object. So I clambered aboard one of the great sailing barges bound from Berlin to Hamburg, and begged the skipper's wife to make me a soup out of some meat I brought with me.

People that have to do with the water are usually honest and trusting, and the salter the water the better are the dwellers thereon. Why this should be I cannot guess, but it is a proposition I have vindicated in hundreds of strange places. The skipper's wife pitied me for the tale I told her—how I had been paddling all day against a head west wind, how I had come from a far country, and much needed help on my journey.

"I understand," she said; "the railways are dear and the *peddling* pack is heavy."

And, to be sure, I was a sad-looking wretch enough, with a battered straw hat, a much-used flannel shirt, a pair of old trousers rolled over my knees, and no shoes or stockings. My two India-rubber canoe bags she thought were full of tape and buttons and needles and the assortment that finds favor at the doors of isolated farm-houses.

When I found how much importance I acquired in her eyes by being considered an itinerant peddler or eccentric bumboat-man, I was selfish enough to do nothing that could disturb the magnitude of my importance. To her two little children I gave some cherries, and to the skipper I lent a hand at the helm when the bends of the river made steering difficult.

The skipper had gone below to change his coat, the wife had gone forward, and I was seated near the helm looking at my map. Suddenly piercing screams came from the bow. I thought one or more of the children must have fallen overboard.

"Husband! husband!" she screamed. "The police-boat!"

Up rushed the skipper in alarm, and seized the helm just in time to salute a portly man in silver buttons and blue coat, who represented the majesty of the river police.

"My God!" said he, "I hope he won't report me."

"And what if he does?" said I.

"Why, it is a very severe penalty to be caught absent from the helm. He can make me pay a fine of six marks. Just think of it—six marks!"

And the poor man worried over this impending danger of losing $1 50 from his small store. His wife consoled him by referring to my having been on deck and near the helm, but this skipper had a great dread of police.

"What business is it of the police, anyway," queried I, "whether you steer your ship or not? Does a policeman know sailor-work better than the sailor himself?"

The bargee shrugged his shoulders. He was trained in the school of police control, and deemed it sacrilege to question such an institution.

"Scarcely any of them know anything about the water—but still, they are our officials."

When the soup was ready I was called into the cabin and placed at the little table with as much ceremony as if I had been a policeman. There was a table-cloth spread for me—another evidence that peddlers are highly prized in this neighborhood. No two pieces of earthen-ware matched, and the spoons were of tin. But tidiness prevailed, and the air was fragrant with some flowers that stood upon the sill of the little window.

On either side of the clock hung chromos of the Emperor and his wife, and the good woman spoke of this imperial pair as though they spent their days in contriving happiness for the bargees of the Havel and the Elbe.

The cabin was large enough for one, and yet four slept here every night. I asked them if they did not feel crowded. "Oh no," was the answer; "we were five last year, when my grown-up daughter of seventeen was aboard."

It seemed indelicate to pursue this matter further; but the skipper's wife treated me as other women treat a family physician—a repository for miscellaneous information. She slept in one bunk with the seventeen-year-old daughter; the skipper slept in the other with the six-year-old boy; while number five, aged four, was stowed in a perambulator on the mother's side of the cabin. I did not pace off this cabin in the interests of hygienic statistics, but it may suffice if I say that all could have joined hands in the night without leaving their beds.

Nor was there on these people's part the slightest disposition to regard their quarters as small. On the contrary, the good lady begged me to share their cabin for that night in the tone of one offering a spare room with dressing-room attached. She made her offer in so simple and hearty a manner that I could not have found it in my heart to smile. It seemed monstrous to her that a man so high in the social scale as a peddler should be reduced to the necessity of sleeping out under the sky.

"You will become blind if you dare to sleep out," she said.

I assured her that I had often done so before, and that I carried with me charms that defied the blasts of night. This she was prepared to believe; for was not I a peddler who had travelled much and garnered strange knowledge?

So finally she yielded, and permitted me to sleep in *Caribee*, but not before she had thrust upon me a huge feather bed and two vast downy pillows. It was fortunately a rather cold night, so that to be wedged in between fluffy walls of down was something of a luxury. But still the good woman, and her husband too, wagged their heads ominously as I bade them good-night and drew a sail-cloth over my head by way of tent. *Caribee* had been hauled up on to the deck of the barge, and I fell away to a happy sleep, as I always do when I have the stars to lighten up my bedroom.

And yet I cannot but wish that I had accepted the offer to sleep in that cabin. Where would they have placed me to rest? I should not have slept all night, of that I am quite sure, yet it would have been a rare social treat.

As I broke my bread into the soup, during the meal I have just referred to, I noted a piece of paper with an arithmetical calculation referring to locks and tolls between the beginning and end of the journey. This was the voucher my bargee presented to his employer as representing his cash expenses on the way. One item was ten pfennings on account of police in Berlin. He admitted that these two cents were a heavy tax upon him each time that he passed Berlin, but that if he did not bribe the guardians of the public peace to this extent they might annoy him. So here, at last, we find that even Berlin has been corrupted by the example of New York. Two cents is not a bribe that would have secured material advantages from a police captain of the ante-Parkhurst days, but still, from the stand-point of my skipper, two cents on the Spree involved quite as much iniquity as two dollars on the Harlem.

Then at Charlottenburg the Prussian official again accepts bribes, it seems—this time a lock-keeper, who must be paid eight pfennings, or about one and three-quarter cents, before the bargee can expect civil treatment. This is a great and crying evil in the eyes of my host.

"We are as corrupt as the old Romans!" exclaimed he. Had he made the acquaintance of the young Romans of to-day he might have spared himself the trouble of going so far back for his classical comparison.

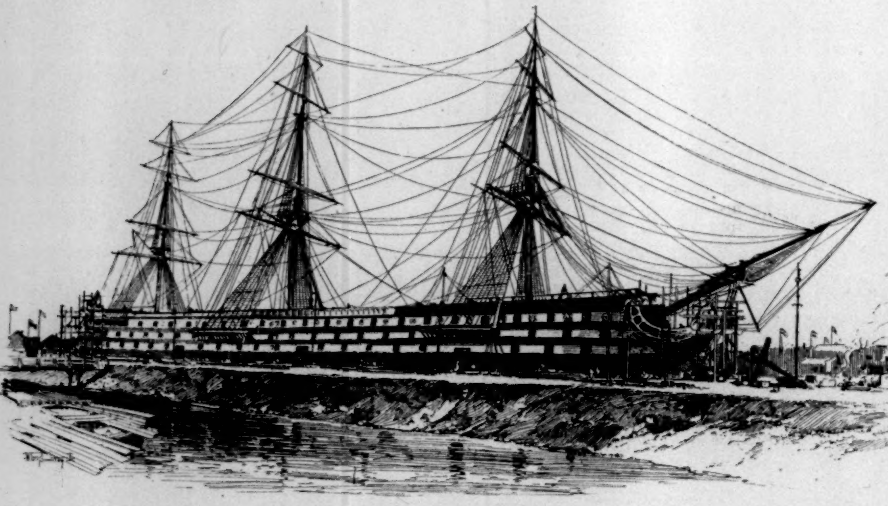
So here my skipper pointed out to me bribes to the extent of nearly five cents levied upon him each time he passed Berlin. Of course I sympathized with him, and said I knew how that was myself.

But he had still more bribes to pay. At a place called Pritzerbe, which looked very innocent when I passed by, lives an official who stakes out the channel at high water, and for this service waylays the passing barges and makes each one pay him ten pfennings—another two cents.

"Is that not hard?" he exclaimed, appealing confidently to the peddler heart. "I pay heavy taxes on my boat, I pay taxes because of my calling, and on top of it all I pay bribes to officials that they may not harm me."

He had honest blue eyes, this skipper, and so had his wife and children. They worked all day like galley-slaves, and turned in only when it was too dark to navigate in safety, which, in June, means about ten o'clock or later. At three in the morning they are up and again at work; and when the winter comes they count up the gains of the past year, and thank God fervently if they have not had to put a mortgage on the boat.

The food I found aboard was mainly a sour rye bread, and a sausage composed of grease chunks interspersed with a stringy substance pretending to be meat. A more unwholesome diet for man or child I can scarcely imagine, particularly in conjunction with the stuff they called tea and coffee respectively. Both these concoctions were obviously of local manufacture, from beans or weeds, or some-



THE GREAT SHIP BUILT ON SHORE AT THE KIEL END OF THE KAISER WILHELM CANAL, IN WHICH THE GERMAN EMPEROR HELD HIS CELEBRATION BANQUET.

thing very cheap and abundant. They tasted like neither tea nor coffee—did not suggest anything of the kind.

What must be the food of the really poor people in Germany, when this is what feeds the master of a great sailing-barge? Nor am I one to be squeamish when living a gypsy life. I have fed upon shark off the coast of New Guinea, and have relished even a stew of albatross caught at the Cape of Good Hope. In China my food was a mystery, but I never shirked a meal; and as to Japan, sea-weed agreed with me admirably. But the food of this German skipper was worse than anything I have yet encountered in savage countries. It is only in civilized communities, where food is taxed in the spirit of "protection," that men are forced to live so badly as did my host on the Berlin barge.

Let us hope that Germany will some day open wide its doors for American food of every kind, and thus give her people a blessing greater than large armies. I might have staid longer with my barge friends, but could not for the very badness of the food. So I left them with many protestations of mutual good feeling. The man would accept no money for his kindness; he was indignant that I thought of such a thing. And it was with the utmost difficulty that I forced a present upon the wife under pretence of wishing her to buy something for the children. They both said that the meat I had shared with them was ample payment, and actually tried to make me feel that it was they and not I who were under obligations.

There are thousands of these barges silently threading the great rivers and lakes and canals of the father-land, carrying to the seaboard the wares that are manufactured far inland. As I paddled and sailed my little craft down the Havel and down the Elbe, I was reminded a hundred times a day of the vast interests that will be affected by this sixty miles of canal. And as I watched the bunting on the ships, and listened to the music, and heard the festive speeches made, I could not but feel that those who now sang loudest would erelong wish that the Baltic Canal had never come into existence. There were hundreds of cargoes lying in Hamburg as I paddled about her docks; and when I asked about them I found that they represented goods made far away from Hamburg. Next year these goods will not come through Berlin, will not pass down the Havel and the Elbe, but will float to the nearest Baltic port, and there embark directly for New York, or China, or London.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

THE CUBAN INSURRECTION.

THE insurrection in Cuba goes blithely on. Each day brings word from the newspaper correspondents in Key West and Tampa of fresh insurgent victories, and explanations of insurgent defeats, that somehow will happen, in spite of the best efforts of the Cuban-loving correspondents. Each day we learn of the ravages of yellow fever among the "mere boys" who compose the Spanish armies in Cuba, and each day we learn how certain the insurgents are to win. All this "daily food" may be entirely correct. The cigar-makers, who for the time being are acting as correspondents for the newspapers, may be impartial men, with facilities for learning Cuban news far in advance of those of the various press associations of the country; but as there are only two steamers a week between Cuba and Florida, it would seem that some of the daily insurgent victories must be not so fresh as their dates would indicate, and that perhaps one victory may have served for more than one occasion, or a defeat may have even posed as a victory. Be that as it may, a brief consideration of certain facts in connection with the insurrection may prove of interest.

Spain did not affect to consider the Cuban insurrection of no importance. She recognized in it a possible rather than an actual importance; and to prevent the possible from being actual, she sent to Cuba as Captain-General the same soldier who pacified the island eighteen years ago, Marshal Arsenio de Martinez Campos, and with him and after him she has sent thousands of soldiers. Campos reached Cuba nearly three months ago. Since his arrival he has spent most of his time in the eastern provinces of the island, those of Santiago de Cuba and Puerto Principe, where the disaffection exists chiefly, though he has been also in every important seaport.

"My principal enemies," said Marshal Campos, recently, "are Generals July, August, and September." Until the last of these has gone, Campos will maintain a "masterly inactivity," and play a waiting game. When he reached the island, in April, he consulted with the local authorities in every part of his province; since then he has been devoting his time to making his men comfortable, to organizing his army as his experience has taught him is best, and in making plans to be put into execution after General September has gone.

Campos has 65,000 Spanish regular troops now, and 25,000 more are expected this month. The first detachments of troops were destitute of everything necessary for their welfare, let alone for their existence. Not even the British soldiers in the Crimea were worse off. These men had no tents, no blankets, no shoes. Out of chaos Campos has had to bring order. At last he has done so. His men are equipped properly now to withstand the climate as well as the insurgents. They are not stationed in the towns, but on *ingenios*, or plantations, and suburbs of the large towns. Medical supplies have been purchased. Practically there is no yellow fever among the Spanish troops. On June 23d there were only fourteen cases in the city of Santiago de Cuba, the capital of the province of the same name, and the headquarters of the Spanish troops in the eastern departments.

Besides his 90,000 regular soldiers, of which he has at present 65,000, Campos has 40,000 volunteers raised on the island; and he has called for the raising of troops of guerillas, or irregular cavalry. These troops are to be commanded by regular officers; the men will be paid thirty dollars a month, and will receive their equipments and horses from the government. General Campos relies on these guerillas, very evidently. As they are composed of local volunteers, they are expected to operate against the insurgents on more even terms than the regulars; even their lack of regular military training may help them to some extent.

Even yet Campos has not exhausted his resources. The local militia regiments have not been mobilized except in certain sections of the island. Those regiments which have taken the field were ordered out by lot; many other regiments yet remain, whose services have not been asked.

It may be asked, how many insurgents are there? General Campos answers, ten thousand.

One hundred and thirty thousand against ten thousand seems undue odds. The odds would be unduly great were the ten thousand men to undertake a pitched battle. But the Cuban leaders know too much to be led into any such fight; they know that their only hope is in sudden raids against outlying plantations, in what we call in this country "guerilla warfare." To meet them Campos must have small bodies of men at all points, rather than large bodies at a few points. "Many a mickle makes a muckle," says the Scottish proverb, and the many small posts in every part of the disaffected provinces call for a large number of men in the aggregate.

The whole force of the insurrection is in the two eastern provinces of Santiago de Cuba and Puerto Principe. Within a week after the revolt began, there was a tentative revolt in Matanzas, one of the western provinces of the island, but it was put down at once, and its leader captured. Except for that uprising, the insurrection has been confined absolutely to Puerto Principe and Santiago de Cuba. Throughout the rest of the island—and even in those provinces—every resident who has anything at stake is against the insurrection. "The crop" is everything in Cuba. Every man who raises cane is opposed to the insurrection. While he may be an Autonomist, or even a Separatist, he sees that anything that interferes with "the crop" is bad for Cuba, as well as for himself.

The crop is not ripe yet. That fact accounts in considerable measure for the insurrection. There is comparatively little to be done; the force of workmen on the plantations is reduced. When the crop is ripe, the plantations will want laborers. There is more money to be had in working on sugar plantations than in "freeing Cuba." Besides, many of the insurgents are small planters, *colonias*, and they must get in their own crops.

If the rains stop at the usual time, about the middle of November, the crop will be ready for gathering about the middle of December. Between those dates the end of the present insurrection may reasonably be looked for.

The moneyed element in Cuba is not disturbed by the insurrection, and the people as a whole are opposed to it. The Havana papers print a list of subscribers to the fund for equipping a Havana regiment of guerillas; the sums given are all in small amounts, and the total is about $60,000. But beyond these subscriptions, four of the principal banking-houses have subscribed $100,000 (one subscription was for $40,000); and these sums are not made public, in order that smaller givers may not be discouraged. When the banks are called upon formally, they will respond formally; meantime these subscriptions do not count.

José Marti, the best and wisest of the Cuban leaders, was not murdered or assassinated; he was killed in a fair fight at Dos Rios. The report spread abroad in the American newspapers that he was not dead was contradicted almost immediately by the attack of the insurgents on the train taking his body to Santiago. The insurgents have contradicted the reports sent to the newspapers by their friends in this country on other occasions; it is a misfortune.

The official bulletin published in the Cuban newspapers may be accepted as correct; at all events, as nearly so as the report of a battle can be when published immediately after the conflict. Government defeats are set forth therein as well as government victories. In fact, were it not for the bulletin the "war correspondents" in Tampa and Key West would often go without the news of government reverses, which they so magnify, and of insurgent defeats, the reports of which they laugh at as merely "government lies to conceal the real state of affairs." The welfare of the island depends on the insurrection being put down promptly; and Campos understands that true accounts even of government defeats will avail better with the class whose aid he needs than will false accounts which will be proved false later.

The situation may thus be summed up: The insurgents are carrying on the warfare as they have been from the beginning, but have lost some of their best leaders; Campos is meeting the insurgents where he can, but is making no important attack upon them. When October comes he purposes to assume the offensive. And back of all, the crop must be gathered in December, or insurgents as well as loyalists will be ruined.

ROBERT GORDON BUTLER.

GRACE CHAPEL AND HOSPITAL, NEW YORK.

GRACE CHAPEL AND HOSPITAL.

A LITTLE more than a year ago the Rev. W. R. Huntington, rector of the Grace Episcopal Church of New York, having in mind the possibilities of bringing his work in closer communication with the poor on the East Side, made an earnest appeal to his congregation. At first Dr. Huntington's idea was that extended mission-work, with the addition of a hospital, might serve a useful purpose. A certain sum of money was wanted, and at once the requisite amount was subscribed.

Then came the question of enlarging the field of usefulness, and the plan was at once extended. More buildings would be required. Then a very much larger sum of money—several hundreds of thousands of dollars—was asked for, and was as speedily forth-coming. The means were sufficient for the erection of a chapel, a parish-house, a clergy-house, and a hospital. With ample room many new features, which would all tend towards the fulfilment of Dr. Huntington's aims, now became possible.

To consolidate all these requirements, to give them a lodgement, required careful architectural considerations. A building for the purpose of a church colony would have to combine ecclesiastical dignity with some regard to public convenience. The plans submitted by Mr. J. Stewart Barney, of Messrs. Barney & Chapman, of New York, having been accepted, a building is now in the course of erection, which, it is believed, will be ready for occupancy in September next.

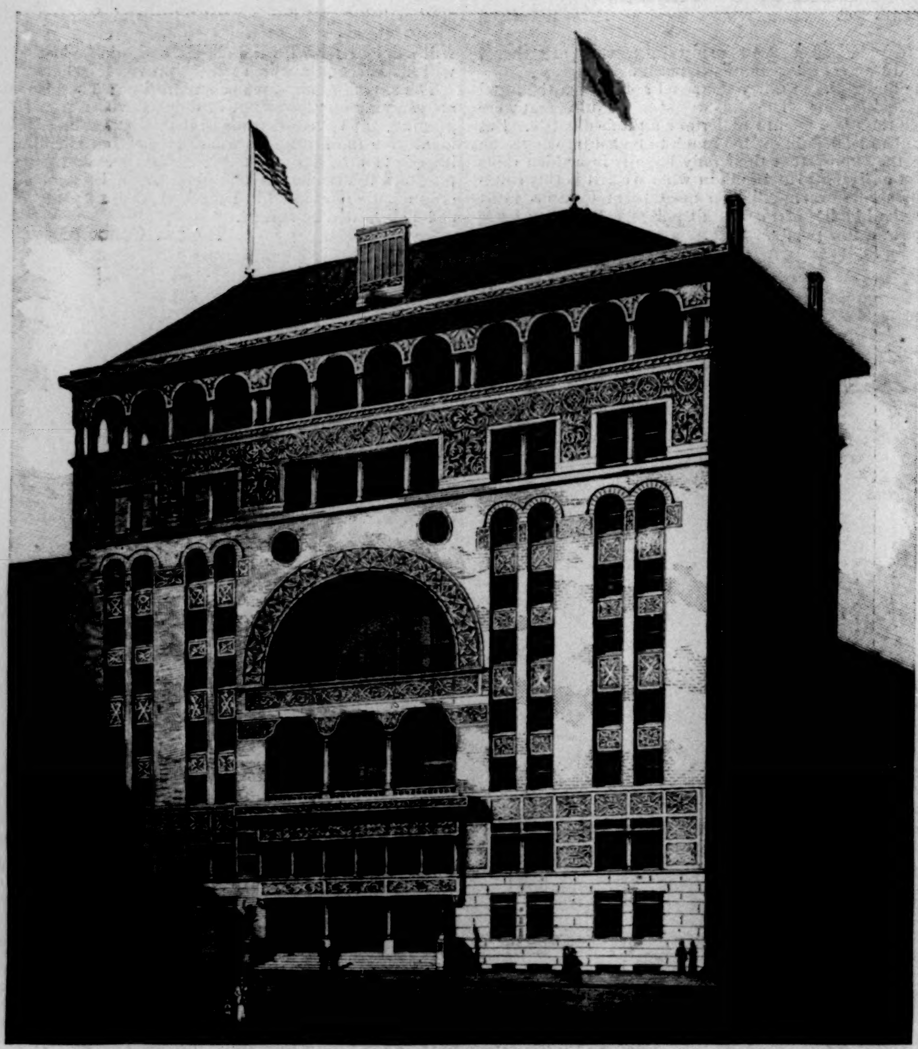
The total frontage of the structure on Fourteenth Street is 125 feet, and the rear is on Thirteenth Street. The depth of the lot is 202 feet. The church-hospital fronts on Fourteenth Street, between First Avenue and Avenue A. The style is the late French Gothic. The material used is brown brick with terra-cotta trimmings. The salient feature is the tower, which is 120 feet in height. The chapel will have a seating capacity of 800. The interior is handsomely decorated with a groined roof, and particular attention has been paid to light effects.

To the left is the hospital. It combines many novel features. There is a shelter for aged men and women. There is a dining-room and laundry on the first floor. Above there are wards for men and women, and on the top an isolated ward with a room for children. For the moving of patients there are special arrangements by means of rolling-chairs, so that the stairs need not be used.

From under the arch of the tower there is a passage extending to the back, so that there is easy communication between the clergy-house and the entire building.

Where there are children or invalids there must be, if possible, an open shade and verdure, and so there is a close, where there will be a good lawn, flowers, and a fountain.

Of the two buildings, the clergy-house and the parish-house, the first is the more elaborate. In the basement of the parish house there is ample room for a cooking-school, a swimming-bath, and a gymnasium. In the upper rooms back there is space sufficient for class recitations, with sewing-rooms for girls, and above there is to be arranged a large auditorium.



THE NEW CLUB-HOUSE OF THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB, TO BE ERECTED AT FIFTY-NINTH STREET AND SIXTH AVENUE.

THE NEW ATHLETIC CLUB HOUSE.

If there be any suitable place in New York for sky scrapers it must be owned that they do less material damage on the borders of Central Park than anywhere else. Here the injury is sentimental and æsthetic only, and concerns nobody in particular, but only everybody in general. There have been some edifices put up on the west side of the Park, especially within the past three or four years, that distinctly detract from the pleasantness of the Park itself, and are, in the æsthetic sense, public nuisances of the first order. The south side is in a different relation to the Park, since there is not much of the Park from which the buildings of the Fifty-ninth Street fronts are visible. At present the row of lofty apartment-houses from Seventh Avenue to Eighth are the only very tall buildings on this front, except the very distressing hotel at the Fifth Avenue Plaza, which is properly the show-place of all the island, and which is now so encumbered with unsightly utilitarian building as to render any scheme of municipal embellishment quite futile. But the Navarro apartment-houses at the other end are not grievances, and a grievance is not likely to be constituted by the new nine-story building which the New York Athletic Club is about to erect at the eastern corner of Sixth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street.

Luckily the new building has so much area that altitude does not seem to be its only dimension. The site is 120 feet on Fifty-ninth Street by 100 on Sixth Avenue, while the height to the eaves can scarcely transcend the new Chicago limitation of 120 feet. So that the building is not far from a cube, which is not, to be sure, the most tempting form for architectural treatment. The general design consists merely in setting off from the main body of the cube a basement of two stories more massively designed than the rest, and a crowning member of two stories, of which the upper is the roof-garden, made as light and open as might be, and the construction in each front of a monumental central feature, culminating in a very large round arch. On the principal front this feature signalizes the main entrance—a large triple opening adequate to a theatre or public hall. This has in the drawing a monumental look, though it would obviously be unfair and misleading to criticise upon the evidence furnished by the drawing a scheme of which the success in execution so evidently depends upon the quality of the detail, and especially upon the decoration of the wall surfaces, which is to be unusually profuse, covering, indeed, the whole visible wall of the upper story of the architectural basement and the lower story of the architectural capital. With only tolerable detail, one foresees that the huge loggia of the roof-garden cannot fail to become an effective feature, with its shafts relieved either against the sky or against the deep shadows behind.

The color of the exterior will accentuate the structural division. The basement is to be of reddish stone, probably of the Potsdam sandstone, and the superstructure in salmon-colored bricks of the Roman shape and terra-cotta of a "warm buff."

The features of the interior will be the great entrance hall, the great roof-garden, the gymnasium, and the tank. At present it is painful to have to admit that in the adjustment of metropolitan pretensions Chicago has a clear lead in the article of swimming-baths, even as Bret Harte's expressman had to admit that there was "a street in Roaring Camp that lays over any street in Red Dog." We have nothing in the way of a tank to compare with the swimming-bath of the Chicago Athletic Club, though it is also true that there is a swimming-bath in San Francisco that equally "lays over" Chicago. This reproach will be removed when the bath of the new athletic club is completed, which measures 24×75, with a sloping bottom from the shallow end for the athlete who cannot swim, to the deep end where the expert diver may take the most precipitate header with impunity. The cost of the building will be about $450,000.

THE BAR ASSOCIATION BUILDING.

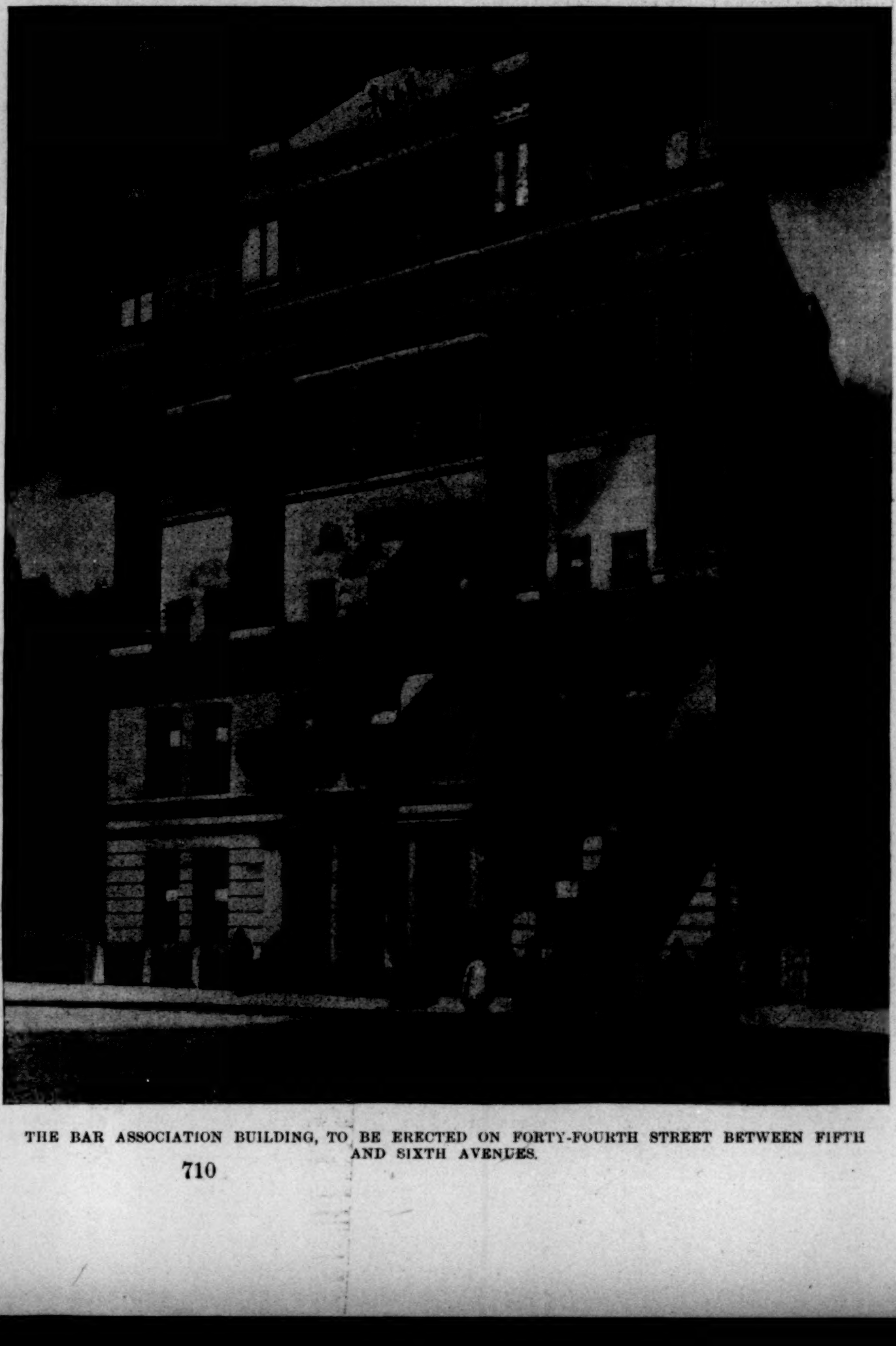
It is good news in a civic sense that the Bar Association is to be appropriately and impressively housed. For nobody can dispute the value of its services to the community, beginning in the distant days of Barnard and Cardozo, and ending, hitherto, with its spirited and public-spirited resentment of the nomination of Maynard to the bench of the Court of Appeals, which resulted in an exposition of his offence so clear, so vigorous, and so temperate that, from the day on which it appeared, there was no doubt of the fate of the unworthy aspirant to judicial honors.

The site chosen for the new building is in the quarter that has suddenly, within three or four years, become architecturally one of the most interesting in the city, the block bounded by Fifth and Sixth avenues, Forty-third and Forty-fourth streets. It may be doubted whether there is elsewhere in New York in the same space a collection of buildings having so strong claims upon architectural study as the group comprising the Century, Racquet, and Harvard clubs, the Academy of Medicine, and the buildings of two private schools.

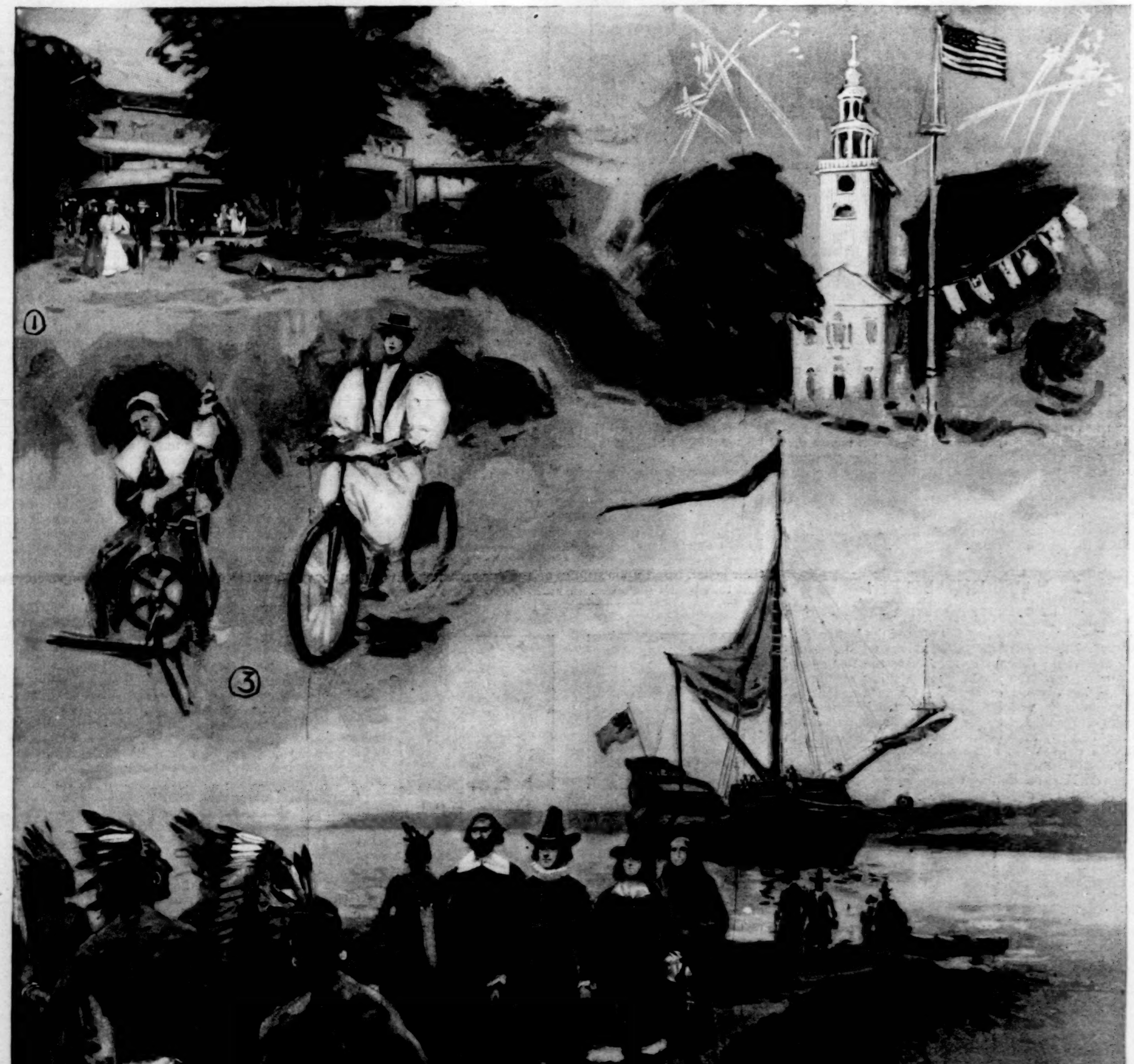
The new building of the Bar Association has a frontage upon each of the two streets, extending through the block, the principal front, however, and that which is illustrated, being upon Forty-fourth Street. The front on Forty-third Street is to be much narrower as well as much lower, occupying but fifty-two feet against eighty-five feet on the principal front, and being in effect but of two stories. The extension through the block gives an architectural opportunity in meeting the requirements of the association without undue superposition. The architect is to be congratulated in these days who has the opportunity to design an important building of less than five stories in height.

Practically the requirements of the Bar Association are but two. It is not a club, and does not need a club-house, with its complications of kitchens and dining-rooms. A mild regale at the conclusion of a discussion, from a caterer retained *ad hoc*, is all that the carnal jurist needs of his meeting-place. What he does need is a professional assembly-room and a professional library, and a meeting-room and a library are the essential contents of his new building. The meeting-room occupies the smaller build-

(*Continued on page 712.*)



THE BAR ASSOCIATION BUILDING, TO BE ERECTED ON FORTY-FOURTH STREET BETWEEN FIFTH AND SIXTH AVENUES.



CELEBRATING THE 250TH ANNIVERSARY OF MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA, MASSACHUSETTS, JULY 18, 1895.

DRAWN BY H. BURGESS.—[SEE PAGE 712.]

1. Masconomo House. 2. The Square. 3. Wheel of 1645 and Wheel of 1895. 4. Landing of Governor Winthrop from the *Arbella*. 5. School-Children dressed and arranged to represent the American Flag. 6. The Parade and Street Decorations.

(*Continued from page 710.*)

ing on Forty-third Street, the library, the larger building, on Forty-fourth. The former is fifty feet by ninety, and thirty in height. Access to it is gained not only by a spacious corridor from the main building but by its own separate entrance, a Doric portico, "distyle in antis," a reduced copy of the main entrance on the other street. The main building is occupied on the ground-floor by a "newspaper-room" on one side of the entrance hall and a lounging-room on the other, and the notably broad central corridor is continued to the staircase, between the two buildings, which is architecturally one of the chief features of the interior. It is to be of very stately construction, unusual spaciousness carried up in double flights, with halls and steps of marble and railings of bronze. It leads first to the assembly-room at the back and then to the library at the top, which are the other two features. The library especially will be very striking. The plan has been adopted for it of a nave and aisles with a clere-story, the basilican plan, but, of course, with classic detail. Its extreme dimensions are 90 by 85, divided by the two ranges of columns, set in the larger axis, which support the walls of the clere-story. There are to be seven of these on each side of the central nave, with granite shafts, marble capitals and bases, and marble architraves, the remainder of the entablature being plastered.

The exterior is to be built in light Indiana limestone, excepting the Doric entrance, which is of Tuckahoe marble. The motive of the exterior is supplied by the interior arrangement, of which it is an architectural exposition. Whoever has read the previous remarks will have no difficulty in distinguishing the subordinate rooms below, and the library, with the small openings of the "stack rooms" for books. The arrangement of the clere-story is not so clearly expressed, and indeed one may doubt whether it could be completely expressed by an adhesion to classic forms, especially where these involve the division of an apartment by the main cornice, the most emphatic horizontal line in the whole front.

IS MARS INHABITED?

BY GARRETT P. SERVISS.

THE opposition of Mars last fall offered the last specially favorable opportunity that astronomers will have during the nineteenth century to scrutinize the features of that strangely earthlike planet. In speaking of Mars as resembling the earth, I of course refer only to that apparent resemblance which is caused by the division of its surface into areas that suggest lands and seas, by the appearance of snowy expanses around its poles, varying in extent with the seasons, and by the evidence which we have believed that we possessed of the existence of an atmosphere on Mars containing watery vapor. All of these may be regarded as strong arguments for the habitability of a planet, mainly because they seem to reproduce conditions which our terrestrial experience has taught us are favorable to the presence of life. But they may nevertheless be deceptive. The observations of Mars which were made at the principal observatories of the world are expected to throw considerable light on this question. Such observations have already accumulated an abundance of material; the difficulty arises in the attempt to interpret it.

All the talk about the appearance of signal-lights on Mars, by means of which its supposititious inhabitants are trying to communicate with their intellectual brethren on

POLAR ICE-CAP OF MARS.

the earth, is of course mere nonsense. Nothing has ever been seen on Mars that could suggest the idea of a signal-light to any sane and well-informed mind. But there is a plenty of things to be discerned on that planet, with the aid even of small telescopes, which must make a thoughtful man pause and wonder. Here is food for enlightened curiosity. It is certainly a thrilling sight simply to watch that other world turn on its axis, lagging a trifle behind the step of the earth itself; and the interest grows intense when you locate one of the poles of that axis with your eye, and observe how blanched—with what but snow can it be?—is the whole region around it. If your observations were begun in July last, you have seen those sparkling polar fields gradually shrink while the sun rose higher over them, and you have had to rein in your imagination, which would fain behold the setting out of fishing fleets

July 23, 1892. July 24, 1892.

OBSERVATIONS OF MARS BY PROFESSOR HUSSEY.

and exploring parties to penetrate the half-unlocked secrets and seize the disclosed treasures of that distant frigid zone.

You have also watched the expanses called continents, and wondered at their ruddy color as they slowly revolved under your eyes, and you have been keenly interested by the strange outlines of the coasts, and the crooked forms of the dark shadowy seas, if seas they are. You have seen the places where Schiaparelli's "canals" are, even if you have not been able to discern the "canals"

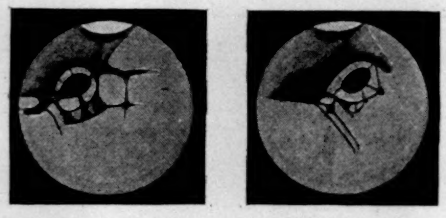
August 20, 1892. August 20, 1892.

OBSERVATIONS OF MARS BY PROFESSOR HUSSEY.

themselves. You may have caught sight of some of the bright points around the southern pole that have been likened to the icy heads of great mountain-peaks glittering in the sunshine. You have perhaps put what you have seen together with what you have read of Professor Pickering's lakes and floods and clouds, and what he thought was a sudden snowfall, burying under its white blanket an area nearly equal to the entire surface of the United States; and Professor Campbell's ranges of shining mountains, and Mr. Lowell's vast channel of black water opening across the south polar snow-cap as the season advanced there; and you have been tempted to say, "Is it possible that a planet can have all these things and not be an inhabited world?"

It is not to be denied that such a conclusion seems very reasonable, and that it is plainly in accord with terrestrial analogies.

But there is one discovery that was made during the last year which seems opposed to the otherwise strongly supported hypothesis of a close resemblance between Mars and the earth. It relates to Mars's atmosphere. The great English spectroscopist Huggins, the famous Italian astronomer Secchi, and more recently the indefatigable German observer Vogel, have all put on record their belief, based upon studies of the spectrum of Mars, that that planet possesses an atmosphere resembling the



Prof. Campbell, Aug. 14, 1892. Prof. Hussey, Aug. 17, 1892.

OBSERVATIONS OF MARS.

earth's, and containing the important element aqueous vapor. Vogel, indeed, went so far as to say, about ten years ago, that "it is definitely settled that Mars has an atmosphere whose composition does not differ appreciably from ours, and especially the Martian atmosphere must be rich in aqueous vapor."

More recent observations have appeared to confirm those of Vogel. But now comes Professor Campbell, of the Lick Observatory, employing some of the most powerful and perfect spectroscopic apparatus in existence, and shows that, so far as the spectroscope is able to inform us, there is no evidence whatever of the existence of a Martian atmosphere containing watery vapor, or even that Mars has any atmosphere at all! His observations, made in June, July, and August of 1894, show that the sunlight reflected to us from the surface of Mars undergoes no perceptible absorption such as would arise from the existence of an atmosphere surrounding the planet, and that the lines in Mars's spectrum which other observers had ascribed to the absorptive effects of its atmosphere are really due to absorption by the atmosphere of the earth.

Let me hasten to remark that these observations of Professor Campbell's do not entirely dispose of the supposed atmosphere of Mars. They simply indicate, as he has himself pointed out, a superior limit to the extent of such an atmosphere. He thinks that if Mars had an atmosphere one-fourth as extensive as the earth's, he would have detected its existence. Against the conclusion that Mars has no atmosphere and no aqueous vapor stands the unquestioned existence of the white polar caps of the planet, waxing and waning with the seasons. As to this, Professor Campbell says, "While I believe that the polar caps on Mars are conclusive evidence of an atmosphere and aqueous vapor, I do not consider that they exist in sufficient quantity to be detected by the spectroscope."

In other words, Mars does not possess an extensive atmosphere, but it may have one about one-quarter as extensive as ours. Does such a fact preclude the supposition that Mars is a habitable world? Hardly; for although we should die like fish thrown out of water if three-fourths of the atmosphere were suddenly withdrawn from the earth, yet it is plain that beings resembling ourselves and our contemporaries in the animal kingdom would require comparatively slight adaptations of structure to enable them to live in an atmosphere no more extensive than that which the spectroscope yet allows to the planet Mars.

Could there be a more fascinating question than this, the affirmative solution of which means the gain of a world?

A RURAL FESTIVAL IN A MASSACHUSETTS COAST TOWN.

A RURAL festival so artistic, diversified, enjoyable, and withal so thoroughly American in character as that which on July 18th distinguished the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the foundation of the town of Manchester, on Cape Ann, shows that we, as a people, are getting bravely over the habit of taking our pleasure sadly. Manchester-by-the-Sea, as it is often called, is one of the most beautiful places on the famous north shore of Massachusetts Bay, with its coast of wild crags, silvery beaches, singing sands, and charming inlets, bordered by the beautiful summer homes of wealthy Bostonians. The festival, however, was chiefly an affair of the towns-people, largely traders, mechanics, etc. The advice of Mr. Ross Turner, the well-known Boston landscape-painter and decorative artist, was sought, and he suggested a programme which was adopted outright. That the artistic element in such a festival should have been given foremost consideration is significant. To this fact is to be attributed the remarkable success of the occasion. The maritime character of the town suggested one of the most important features of the celebration in a reproduction of Governor Winthrop's good ship *Arbella*. It is related that Governor Winthrop stopped at both Manchester and Salem to visit friends settled there when the *Arbella* brought him and his company to Boston to found the Massachusetts Bay Colony. A representation of this incident, which took place in June, 1630, was one of the first things on the programme of the day.

The preparation of the ship was a matter of several months. Mr. David M. Little, of Salem, the marine architect, entered into the project *con amore*. An old schooner, the *Hard Chance*, was obtained for the purpose, and by the application of a prodigious amount of historical research, aided by Mr. Turner's decorative talent, was transformed into a remarkably successful reproduction of the type of vessel of that day, if not precisely a fac-simile of the *Arbella* herself.

It was an impressive spectacle when the quaint craft was sighted coming up the bay through the delicate haze of the mild midsummer morning. As she glided into the beautiful little harbor she was seen to be possessed of all the characteristics of the craft pictured in the old books—the high poop, the queer masts and spars, the rich and elaborate ornamentation about the stern, with the projections that landsmen called "piazzas and bay-windows"—which would even puzzle a modern sailor to name—and painted the dull red affected both by war-ships and merchantmen of that day. The fact that the ancient-looking vessel was in tow of a very modern steam-launch did not intrude on the nineteenth-century element disagreeably or any more forcefully than was done by other craft in the harbor or the villas on the shores. The ship's crew were dressed in the old fashion with historical accuracy, and the gay picturesqueness of their garb contrasted strongly with the solemn guise of the Puritan passengers. Governor Winthrop was impersonated admirably by Mr. Richard Henry Dana, whose grandfather, the poet, was one of the earliest summer residents of the town.

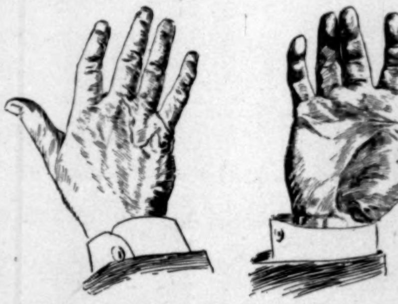
The landing of the Governor and his reception by Masconomo, the great chief, and a company of Indians, made a fine spectacle, the Indians advancing gravely to the water-side from their wigwams pitched in a bosky meadow nook—a bit of nature that doubtless has preserved much the same aspect through two and a half centuries. The costumes and make-up of the Indians were admirable.

The festal decorations were remarkable for their tasteful elegance, brilliant in coloring and fine in design, with nothing overdone. In the preparation of these, valuable assistance was given by Mr. C. Howard Walker, the architect, and Mr. Joseph Lindon Smith, whose charming Venetian decoration is the latest addition to the mural paintings in the Boston Public Library. The beautiful simplicity of the adornments of the road to the main scene of festivity was remarkable for its effect, so different from the ordinary display of fussy bunting in meaningless elaboration: two finely proportioned white Doric pillars sustaining gilt globes, and rows of masts painted a brilliant red and carrying Venetian banners. About the festival arena was a series of banners representing the history and evolution of the American flag through its various stages from the first appearance of the New England pine-tree upon the British ensign. A charming idea was the arrangement of the chorus of school-girls on sloping seats as a living American flag, some with dresses of red and white, and others with blue massed to form the field. How much more valuable and enjoyable is a celebration of this character, with its scenes and symbols of historical instructiveness, than the noisy and explosive demonstrations so common on such occasions!

Other notable features of the Manchester quarter-millennial were a thoughtful and eloquent address by Lieutenant-Governor Wolcott, a banquet in the town-hall, and a parade of "floats" and carriages, with fireworks and illuminations.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Borderland (London) lately published pictures of Mark Twain's hand, and invited palmists to interpret its lines. The readings of four hand-seers who responded have been published. Between them they give a vast deal of information about Mark. One says: "He loves to explore hidden mines of truth. His life has been chequered with reverses. He only trusts those whom he first tests." Another describes him as "successful (within limitations) and popular, warm-hearted but cautious, a vigorous person liable to lose money and aims as well as to gain them." Another says: "He counsels others better than himself;



MARK TWAIN'S HAND.

the ladies sway him; his views are clear to himself, but freaks of opinions will sometimes astonish his friends." The last one gives him "an excellent opinion of himself because he is generally made much of by the other sex, and he, in turn, also is subservient to the other sex. He has a great amount of travel developed and not a small share of trouble, directly or indirectly, from excessive alcohol—it looks."

None of the guessers venture any prediction as to the success of Mr. Clemens's lecture trip, or, indeed, give any information that seems likely to be useful either to him in his business or to his friends in their future dealings with him.

The Summer Rest Society has bought the house it formerly rented at Woodcliff, New Jersey, and continues to provide there summer board and lodging for self-supporting gentlewomen. Full particulars about the details of the society's work can be learned on application by letter or in person on Wednesday mornings, between ten and twelve o'clock, to Mrs. Albert Speyers, 24 West Twelfth Street, New York.

The Sunset Club of Chicago is dead. It was started by W. W. Catlin in 1889, and met every other Thursday night, from October to April, for dinner and discussion. Its dinners cost a dollar and a half, and have been eaten of late in the Grand Pacific Hotel. At the time of its decease it had 1500 members and many applicants for admission, but though it still had material prosperity its spirit had begun to lag. One of its oldest members said it had "grown to be like a fashionable church—all choir and no congregational singing." One trouble seemed to be that it had discussed everything. At any rate, speakers began to grow reluctant and evasive, and it was determined to cut the club down in its glory rather than let it peter out. At its last meeting, held March 28th, it discussed "The Coming Woman," and since that time its windpipe has been quietly and unobtrusively severed, and it will meet no more. It had no constitution, by-laws, or club-house, and no officers except a secretary. It lived hard and died easy, and was a great success, and worthy of Chicago.

The lad who fired the Ephesian dome was in other respects an unimportant person, but he still lives in history. May not an analogous immortality be predicted for the widow O'Leary, whose cow on an October night in 1871 kicked over a lamp in a barn, and started a ninety-million-dollar fire? Mrs. O'Leary had greatness thrust upon her, but it was greatness, and it was hers. She died on the afternoon of July 4th ultimo. The date of her decease, if not of her birth, is likely to be celebrated in Chicago for generations to come in a fit and fiery manner.

Mr. Horace Bradley, who went abroad in the interest of the Art Department of the Atlanta Exposition, writes from Venice that all the artists whom he has visited have received him cordially, that he has seen many interesting and instructive things in out-of-the-way places, and that he feels that if he had the vitality of a Corbett he might be able to manage the Art Department to his satisfaction. "But it is the same old cry," he adds—"'The poor are growing poorer.'" From Venice Mr. Bradley went to Paris, arriving there about June 25th.

In Venice Mr. Bradley encountered Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Hutton, and went to a dance which they gave in the old palace where they are domiciled to about fifty gondoliers and gondolieresses, who "sang their folk-songs, danced their folk-steps, and ate their folk-food, especially prepared on the premises," and after supper laughed themselves sore over Francis Wilson dancing and doing pantomime for their enjoyment. This seems very much like fun. Mr. Hutton himself says of this ball, "Two girls, who were all used up the next morning, said they would not have missed it for 'dagger stabs'; so it must have been a success."

In Florence Mr. Hutton had an abundant and satisfying experience of the earthquake. The day after it part of the ceiling fell in the salon where he and his wife were sitting. He speaks of meeting many good Americans in Italy, among them Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dudley Warner, both of whom he reports as being now in good health, after some experience of the other sort.

In an article on Tennessee River Improvement, published in the WEEKLY for April 27th, Mr. C. W. Robinson dwelt upon some general defects of the River and Harbor bill, and as an example of its iniquities cited the proposed improvements of the Okanogan River in the State of Washington. Mr. Robinson believed and still believes, on what he feels are just grounds, that the possibilities of the Okanogan as a navigable stream are not worth spending money to develop. It is proper, however, and seems only just, to record that the people who live near the Okanogan and are interested in the welfare of that stream take decided exception to his views, and declare that government engineers have reported that the expenditure of $20,000 will make their river navigable for seventy-five miles all the year round, except in winter, for boats drawing not more than eighteen inches. It appears, therefore, that there is a disagreement of doctors about the Okanogan River, and if the examination of the river by the War Department, which the last River and Harbor bill recommends, serves no other good purpose, it will at least be useful in determining whether or not Mr. Robinson's estimate is correct. As this river, like most others, contains different volumes of water in different seasons, and at different times in the same season, it is easy for conflicting views of its importance to obtain.

The men seem to be having almost as much trouble over their bicycling costumes as the women. There are hotels, it seems, that will not entertain men in knickerbockers, and they are by no means as welcome in all places in their bicycle clothes as with trousers that flap about their ankles and modish shirts. It is largely to this consideration of clothes that the far-seeing look for the preservation of the horse and the continuance of some of the old-fashioned methods of conveyance. If men could live and move and transact their business in golf stockings and knickerbockers, and women in bloomers or short skirts, the bicycle's progress might be as sure as it has been swift. But as it is, the formalities of life, such as they are, militate gently but firmly against the bicycle, and though they are not effectual to hold it back, they do make a little for its restraint.

The enthusiasm of the newspapers over the resolve of the Bishop of New York to spend the summer in Stanton Street is comparable in its vociferousness to the joy of the man in Scripture who found his hundredth sheep that was lost in the wilderness. The Bishop protests that Stanton Street is by no means such a desperate place, that the Cathedral Mission which has its headquarters there is a special charge of his, and that there is nothing out of the way in his determining to give it a rather larger share than usual of his personal attention. His explanations explain, but they do not soothe or subdue. The nose for news masquerading as the nose for piety continues to detect an item in Stanton Street, and the item continues to be written up. It is rather hard on Bishop Potter, but he is a hardy prelate, and no doubt can stand it.

It has been objected to the bicycle that it injures morals by taking young men out on the country roads and teaching them to stop at taverns and drink hurtful beverages. Any gentleman who has attempted to ride his bicycle home after drinking at a few taverns can appreciate the absurdity of this suggestion. The bicycle is the foe of rum. Wind for the bike, water for the rider: that's the rule.

It is further remarked that the young man who goes out with his girl in a buggy may sometimes need a chaperon; but the pair who go on bicycles need none. There is no machine so exacting and so exclusive as the bicycle.

The phenomena of Christian Endeavor are curious and highly interesting. The Endeavorers outswoop everything except the seventeen-year locusts. They drop down on a city, and while they stay in it they own the place. One could wish that the late Mr. Matthew Arnold might have had the opportunity to observe them and their methods in Boston, and could have recorded the impressions that they made on him. Since that was not possible, it would be gratifying if Professor Nordau could be exposed to the influence of their enthusiasm, and tell us how it affected him. It would be a very profound conviction of the degeneracy of the human race that would last unshaken through a Christian Endeavor convention.

At the opening performance of Mr. Daly's company in London, Miss Rehan won lively and prolonged applause by taking fire on the stage from an overturned lamp and putting herself out without interrupting the performance. It was not in the play, but was as deftly done as if it had been stage business perfected in rehearsal. London has come to be about as appreciative of Miss Rehan as New York is of Miss Ellen Terry.

Brooklyn's Prospect Park policemen will please notice that when Ellen Maroony, eight years old, fell into Conservatory Lake at Central Park, the other day, Policeman Daly jumped in after her with all his uniform on and brought her out. They do some things better in Central Park.

In the WEEKLY of July 13th, in an article on "What Terra-Cotta May Do," it was erroneously stated that the Standard Company of New York is a small company and the agent for a New England company. We are now informed that the writer of the article was mistaken, and that the Standard is an important concern, and has its own agents in New England and elsewhere.

E. S. MARTIN.

AT ST. PAUL'S.

ON a scene of life 'neath the great church bell
The sun shone bright through a sombre cloud,
And a tall shaft's shadow serenely fell
For a moment upon the fleeting crowd.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

A POUND OF FACTS is worth oceans of theories. More infants are successfully raised on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk than upon any other food. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to N. Y. Condensed Milk Co., N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

To keep free from indigestion use only DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS.—[*Adv.*]

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If you want an ointment instead of a soap—don't use Pears.'

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Outing Shirts, Dress Shirts, Pajamas, Gloves, Smoking-Jackets, Golf Hose, Neckwear, Umbrellas.

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Agreeable

Preventives in season are much surer than belated drugs. A healthy condition of the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels is the strongest safeguard against Headaches, Racking Colds or Fevers.

Syrup of Figs

Acts as a perfect laxative should, cleansing and refreshing the system without weakening it. Permanently curing constipation and its effects.

Mild and Sure.

Pleasant to the taste and free from objectionable substances. Physicians recommend it. Millions have found it invaluable.

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GOLD SEAL = = CHAMPAGNE
EXTRA and SPECIAL DRY.
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BOKER'S BITTERS
The oldest and best Specific against all disorders of the Stomach, and an appetizer.
Ask your Grocer, Liquor Dealer, or Druggist.

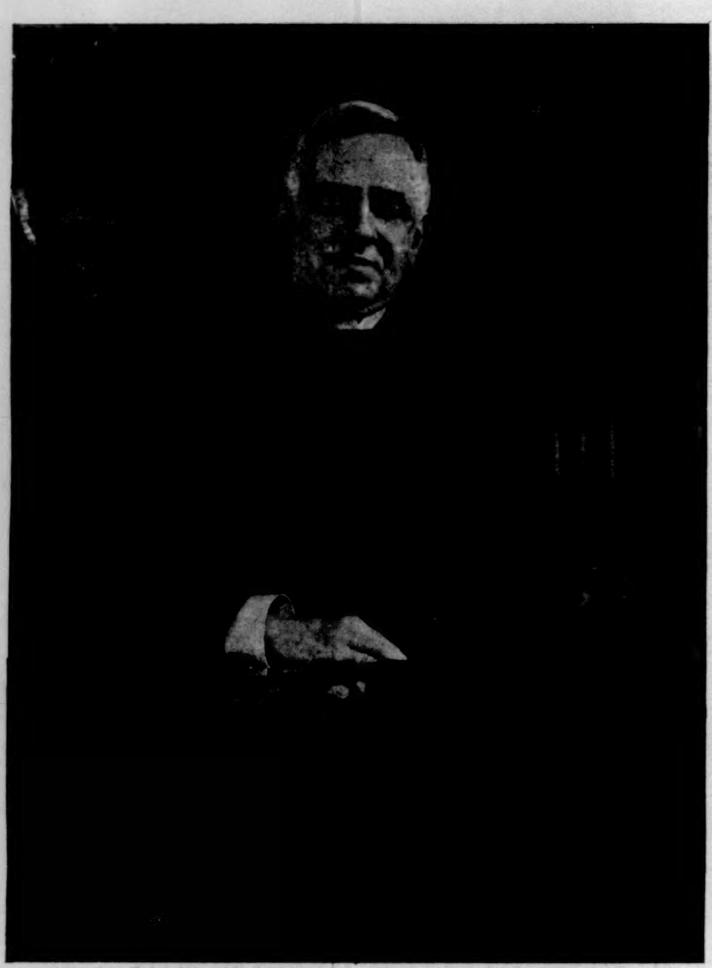
Ladies Who Value
A refined complexion must use Pozzoni's Powder. It produces a soft and beautiful skin.

20th Edition—Postpaid for 25 cents (or stamps.)
THE HUMAN HAIR
Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S., London.
A. N. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

A Request

Readers of *Harper's Weekly* will please mention the *Weekly* when answering advertisements contained therein.

TAKE THE ONE YOU MAY SEE ON OUR LINE
THE OTHER
THE BUFFALO are now found only in Yellowstone Park
By having a seat in a Park Stage for a tour of the Park this Summer you may see the noble animal.
Send SIX CENTS for our TOURIST BOOK for 1895, SKETCHES OF WONDERLAND.
NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R.
CHAS. S. FEE, Gen. Pass. Agent, St. Paul, Minn.



DOCTOR ARTHUR BROOKS.

DOCTOR ARTHUR BROOKS.

On the morning of July 10th, at six o'clock, the Rev. Arthur Brooks died at sea. He had been long known as one of the most scholarly and effective pulpit orators of America, and one of the most successful parish priests of the Episcopal Church. He had been a rector at Williamsport, in Pennsylvania, at Chicago, and for twenty years he was the rector of the Church of the Incarnation in New York city. He was known not only in the cities where he had administered his priestly office, and in Boston and Cambridge, where he was born and educated, but throughout the ecclesiastical world and on both sides of the ocean.

Doctor Brooks sailed for Europe on the steamer *Fulda* on the 22d of June. He had been ill for several months, and his physical weakness had been noticed by his friends. When he reached Southampton it was discovered that his condition was much more serious than he and his friends had anticipated. The English doctor advised an immediate return, saying that he might reach home. He sailed from Southampton on July 8th, and died on the morning of the 10th.

Doctor Brooks was born in Rowe Street, Boston, July 12, 1845. He was the son of William G. and Mary Ann Phillips Brooks. After being graduated at the Boston Latin School in 1863, he entered Harvard College, and was graduated in the class of 1867. After this he studied for a year at Andover Theological Seminary. Then he went to the Episcopal Theological Seminary in Philadelphia, being graduated in 1870. In the same year he was ordained a deacon at old Trinity, Summer Street, Boston, of which his brother, Phillips Brooks, was then the rector. He was presented by another brother, Frederick Brooks. He at once took charge of Trinity Church, Williamsport, Pennsylvania, and was there, in October, 1870, ordained as priest. It was there also that he married Miss Elizabeth W. Willard. After three years' service in Williamsport, he was called to St. James's Church, Chicago, under circumstances of peculiar difficulty. The city had been swept by its great fire, and upon Doctor Brooks fell the labor of rebuilding the church. After this work had been successfully accomplished, in 1875, he was called to succeed the Reverend Henry E. Montgomery, D.D., in the rectorship of the Church of the Incarnation in New York city. He found the church perplexed by debts, but it was not long before they were paid.

There were elements in the character of Arthur Brooks that peculiarly fitted him for the charge which he had undertaken, and which brought to the church the congregation that relieved the parish of its difficulties. In the first place, he was a great preacher; not a popular preacher in the common acceptation of that phrase, but one who appealed to strong and trained minds. The men of his own and other learned professions loved to listen to him. They admired his ripe scholarship and his remarkable powers of analysis and synthesis. As a friend remarked of him, "He tore apart and put together with a skill that I have never known equalled." His preaching power had apparently not reached its full development when he died, for during the last year it was more effective and apparent than it had ever been before.

As the head of a parish, Doctor Brooks displayed great administrative ability and a wonderful care and talent for detail. Scholarly tastes, oratorical power, and business capacity have seldom been combined as they were in Doctor Brooks, and the condition in which he left his own and his church's affairs bears testimony to a painstaking skill that would do credit to a trained man of business.

He was an old-fashioned churchman. More perhaps than at any other church in New York, the Episcopal service was read and sung at the Church of the Incarnation after a fashion that was distinct from modern ecclesiasticism. It was conducted as Doctor Brooks himself saw and heard it in his boyhood in old St. Paul's in Boston, and as many of the elders of his congregation remember its ministration in the days when St. George's was in Beekman Street, and when a noble simplicity reigned.

To his family and his friends Doctor Brooks was a constant delight. His flow of humor was fresh and abundant. His manner was gracious and his spirit was kindly. They who enjoyed the privilege of his acquaintance were greatly favored. They were members of one of the most charming circles in the city. To those whose friend he was, he was a tower of loyalty. He bore their burdens as his own with willing courage and with manly strength. It was a privilege to be known of him; it was a boon to possess his friendship. The militant spirit of his younger days grew with the added years into a noble fortitude, and whatever aggressiveness there might have been in his zealous youth grew milder as the end drew near. Those who were with him in the last months of his life felt that he was mellowing more and more, and so he seemed to become dearer and more necessary to them as he was about to leave them.

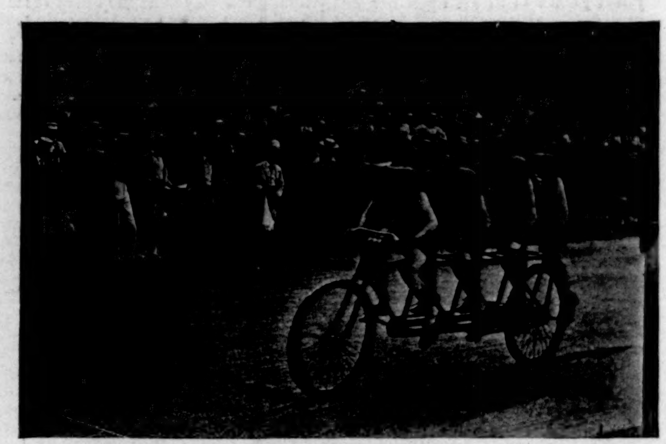
FLORINE.

BY HARRY J. SHELLMAN.

(These verses are from an unfinished novel, and form the last poem written by the author before his death.)

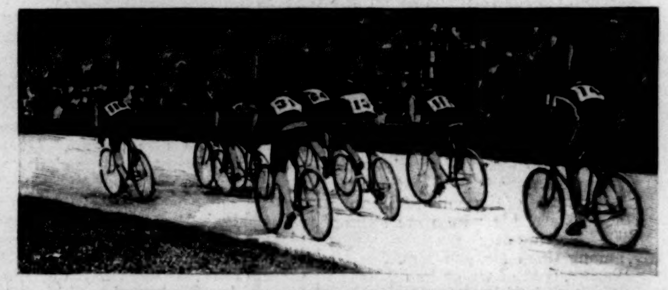
Your soul is in your tender eyes, Florine,
You speak although your lips remain so mute,
I *feel* the thoughts breathed in your sighs, I ween,
The thoughts that bud and bloom, but never fruit;

You say you must not love and tell me why:
The world's conventions say it must not be;
Yet know I, in your heart's depths you defy
What the world thinks, and cherish love for me;
You will not kiss me, nor upon your brow
Let *me* seal fondness. No, not now—not now;
But sometime in the future you will place
Your hand upon my cold and bloodless face,
And gazing on the semblance of a sleep,
You'll bend and kiss my closèd eyes, and weep.



A WORLD'S MILE RECORD ON THE "QUAD."

SOME OF THE SPECTATORS' WHEELS IN THE PARK.

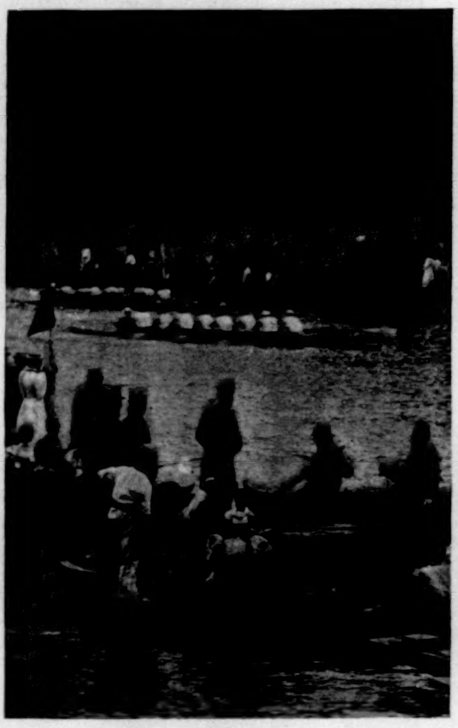


PASSING THE GRAND STAND IN HALF-MILE FINAL.

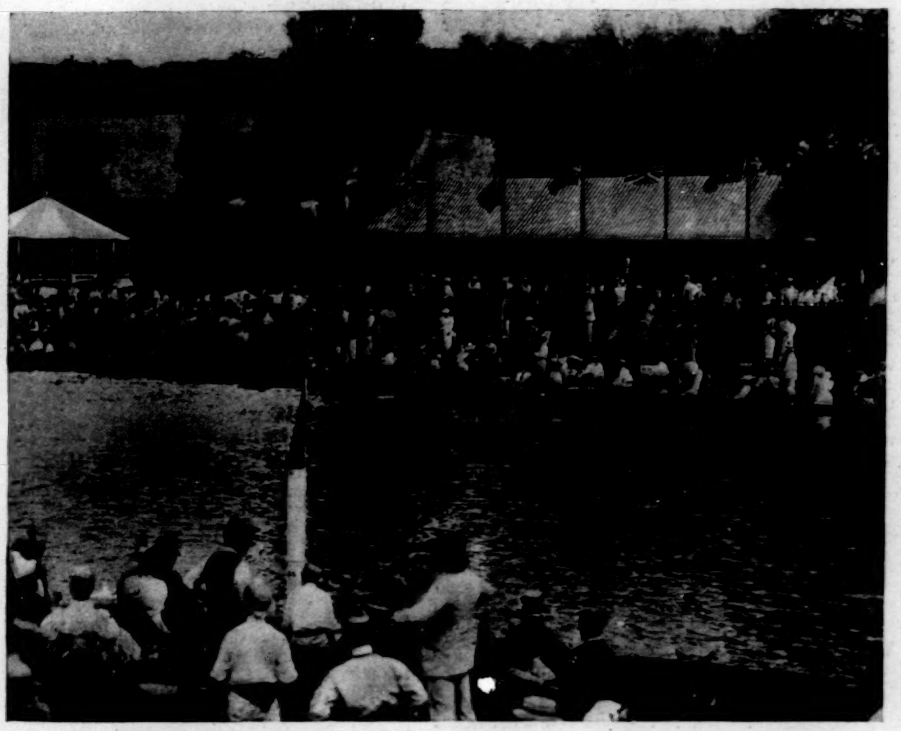
L. A. W. HEADQUARTERS.

THE MODERN BANKED-UP WHEELING TRACK.

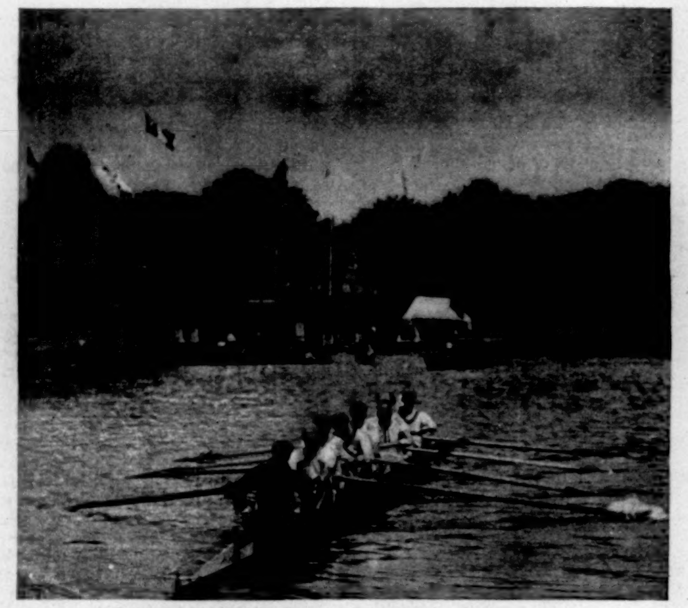
THE ANNUAL NATIONAL MEET OF THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN AT ASBURY PARK, NEW JERSEY.—[See "Amateur Sport."]



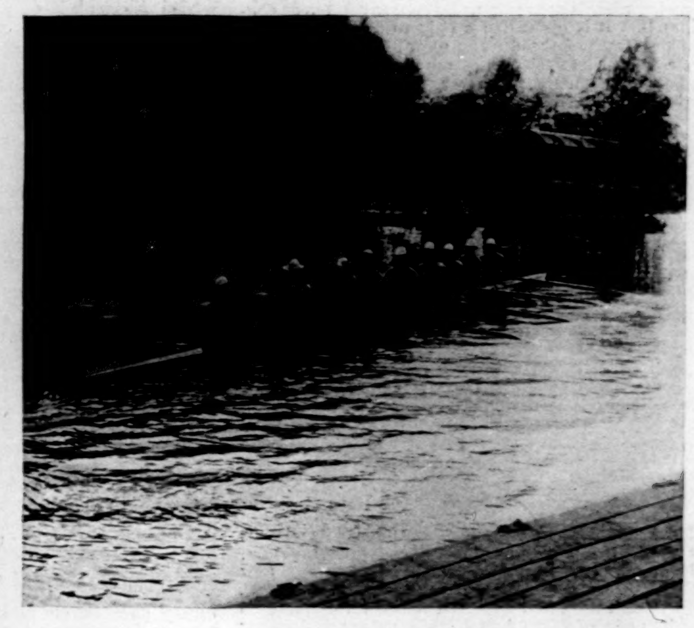
THAMES AND ETON CREWS.



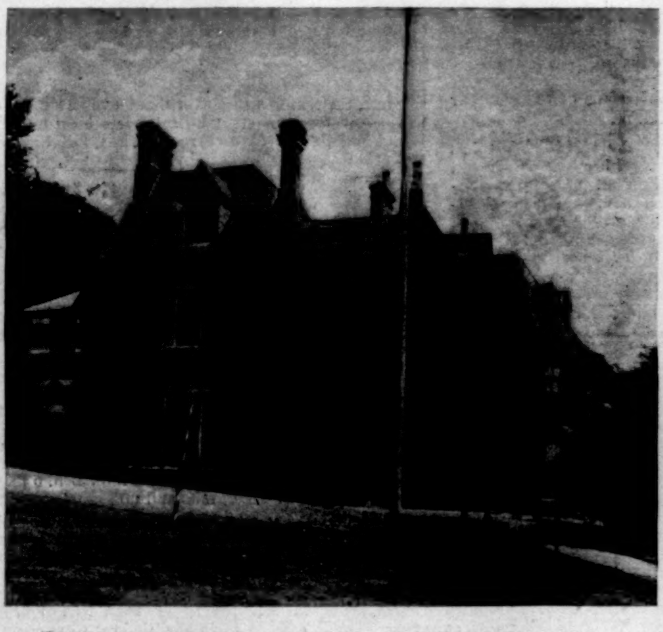
GRAND STAND, HENLEY.



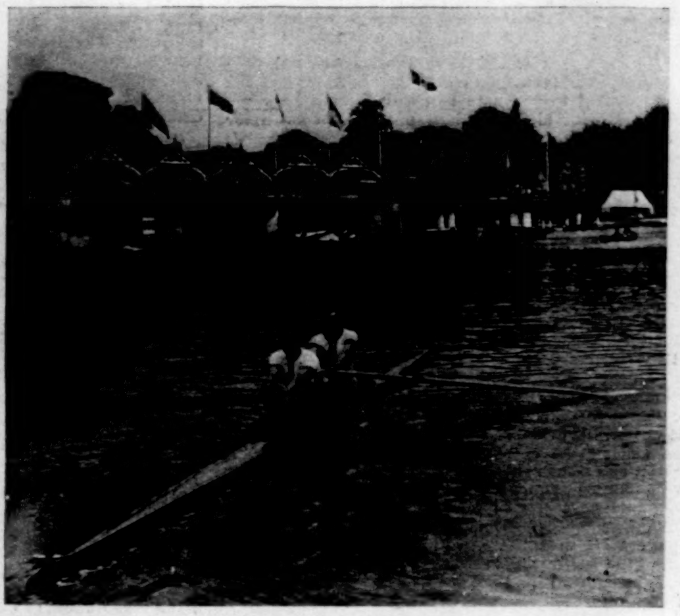
LEANDER CREW AT HENLEY.



THE CORNELL CREW AT HENLEY.



UNDERWOOD HOUSE—HEADQUARTERS OF THE CORNELL CREW.



THE BROTHERS NICKOLLS IN SCULLING BOAT.

THE CORNELL CREW AT THE HENLEY REGATTA, ENGLAND.—[See "Amateur Sport."]

AMATEUR SPORT

QUITE THE DISTINGUISHING FEATURE of the League of American Wheelmen National Race Meet, which came to its conclusion last week at Asbury Park, was the novelty of a time limit on all events. By a time limit the loafing throughout a heat was entirely abolished, and instead of a race only in the last one hundred yards or so, a race was provided from start to finish. Needless to add the innovation was popular, or that Chairman Gideon, of the L. A. W. Racing Board, whose insistence upon the promulgation of the rule made reformation possible, deserved all the complimentary things said of him. I am pleased to record here that Mr. Gideon has proved a very efficient and, so far as the L. A. W. permits him, fearless chairman. For the rest, the meeting differed little, except in locality, from other annual affairs of the L. A. W.

The National Meet, wherever held, invariably attracts a very great number of spectators, but when Asbury Park is the scene that number swells to huge proportions. Asbury Park, with its distinctly peculiar notions of what's what, and its own particular and unique set of visitors, is always interesting, and, likely as not, instructive as well, but on the occasion of a bicycle meet it must be seen to be even half understood. I may add, too, parenthetically, that one may acquire there and at that time a very correct idea of the classes whence our "racing cracks" come. The town—indeed, the entire Jersey coast within a ten-mile radius—gives itself over to the excitement of the week. "Pa" and "ma" come to town with all the despatch of which the family hack is capable, "daughter" wears a yachting-cap and a bang, and "son" appears resplendent in patent-leather shoes and florid neckwear.

THE MEET THIS YEAR has emphasized, what every one already knew, to wit, that bicycling is the most popular sport in America to-day. And it suggested, what some of us had begun to believe, that man's speed on a wheel has just about reached the limit. There are few better tracks than that at Asbury Park, yet the number of records approached, to say nothing of their being broken, was less than credited to probably any National Meet of several years past. Still, it is always to be remembered that bicycle-racing records are made under so many different conditions that it is difficult not only to duplicate, but to even keep track of them. The record table is a most intricate one. The evolution of the racer has been rapid, but he is to-day undoubtedly very near the top of human possibility. We shall have yet a year, probably two, of this extravagant racing excitement, and then it will begin to subside. Manufacturers will find it unprofitable to maintain a team of Class B riders, the racing fever will wane, and mayhap there will come an end to all unwholesomeness in racing cycling.

RATHER UTOPIAN, BUT, AFTER ALL, simply the same result that has befallen all other so-called amateur sports which have thrived for a time by dissimulation and unhealthful excitement; simply a survival of the fittest, in the finality of which doctrine, together with that other of honesty being the best policy, I am a firm believer. At present there is the heated rivalry between manufacturers, which brings fast riders into demand, and utterly leaves the amateur to work out his own salvation. It is always so where the trade enter into the question. It is entirely commendable dealers should push and advertise the qualities of their machines, and perfectly natural that speedy men should be hired and paid salaries to ride for them. The reprehensible part is that the L. A. W., which began as an organization to foster amateur racing generally, and wheeling particularly, should have sold itself body and soul.

Had the L. A. W. had the proper conception of its mission, and its officers sufficient intelligence to recognize the right, and courage equal to maintaining it, all those men now in Class B would be called—what they are—professionals. Class B men are hired and paid a salary for riding an especial make of wheel, just as the members of the New York nine are hired and paid wages to play baseball; each does nothing else; each receives money for his service; the only difference between them is that the bicycle-rider, in addition to his salary, receives a prize for winning a race, while the baseball-player must content himself with his salary, even though he win games.

SO FAR AS THEIR AMATEUR STATUS is concerned there is no difference between them. The L. A. W. and the dealers pretend to assert that this dishonesty is for the good of amateur bicycling; but specific data has never been forth-coming, though I personally have had many promises of it. The real reason Class B is not officially unmasked is because dealers think a dishonest amateur advertises their wheel better than an honest professional; that people will attend Class B races when they would not be attracted by a professional meeting. The failure of that attempt a year or so ago to introduce honest professional racing is cited as proof of the argument, but the argument is as shallow as Class B itself. When Class B is maintained as a refuge for riders of professional inclinations, no one is silly enough to suppose a *bona fide* professional class is going to pay. But if riders were divided, as they should be, into the two great classes—amateurs and professionals—then the latter would attract its proportion of spectators, just as does professional baseball. Nor would such a course injure the advertising or sale of wheels. In the first place, the advertising value given to a particular make of wheel through its riding by some speedy Class B man is very greatly exaggerated. It may have its influence on a few boys that stand in awe about a well-known racer, but it has no effect whatsoever on the great body of wheel men and women. I should wager that 90 per cent. of those that attend race meets or read about them in the papers do not know what make of wheel is ridden by the racers. I suppose no one will deny that I am as well posted on matters connected with amateur sport generally as at least the average, yet, of all the Class B men, I know only the wheel Titus rides—the Spalding—and I only know that because I ride the same, and in purchasing a bell in the Spalding shop a few days ago saw a photograph of Titus mounted on such a one.

THE AVERAGE WHEELMAN IS A ROAD RIDER, and he knows very little, and cares less, of the make of bicycle ridden by certain racers. He does know perfectly well, however, that he can gain no satisfactory information as to the durability, ease of running, and comfort of a road machine by watching some hireling pedalling a "scorcher" around an especially prepared track. It does not influence his purchase one way or the other. Manufacturers will realize that fact before they are two years older; meanwhile they are spending large sums of money in maintaining racing teams and making pure amateur racing an impossibility. We can hardly blame the manufacturer, who is in business to sell his wheel, but it is positively disgraceful that a body like the L. A. W.—of something like 30,000 members—should permit its officials to be the tools and its official utterances the mere mouthings of the manufacturers.

The L. A. W. has done much for the improvement of roads and the pleasure of wheelmen generally over the country; it is a large and powerful body; but its connection with racing to-day is scandalous—*i. e.*, of course, from an amateur point of view. It can never re-establish itself in the good opinion of sportsmen until it recognizes but two classes of racing cyclists—amateurs and professionals—and devotes itself exclusively to the former.

SO FAR AS THE GENERAL WHEELMAN is concerned the L. A. W. has legislated with wisdom and governed with praiseworthy patience, and the wheeling interest has developed almost beyond credence; boomed, in fact, to an extent never equalled by any other sport. The number of riders has doubled in the past six months, and is still increasing. Every one owns a bicycle nowadays, and it may be truly said the civilized world is awheel. It is one of the best of many forms of out-door exercise for women, provided they do not engage in prolonged racing, particularly uphill. Women should not go in for racing, and I hope the L. A. W. will never sanction the meets of which every now and again I hear rumors. Once a permit is granted, we shall shortly have bands of "female" racers exploiting themselves, as in days gone by we had the "female" pedestrian and baseball-player.

I earnestly hope my information that the "ladies of Newport" are to hold a race meet "among themselves" is incorrect. The excitement and work of racing would be certain to leave its mark on more than one contestant. Besides, does racing become the refined woman?

The effort making to build two cycle paths, one through New York, from the Battery to Harlem, and one through Brooklyn, from East New York to Massapequa, should receive the active support of every up-to-date man, whether or no he rides a wheel. There is a more serious side to wheeling. Just as there are those that use horses for pleasure, and those that use them for business, so some men wheel for sport, while others do so as an auxiliary to their daily work. The bicycle has become a factor in the industrial world, and must be provided for.

THE RACING PURE AND SIMPLE at Asbury Park last week was excellent; it probably averaged higher than the record-breaking one at Denver last year. The Class A handicap events were not so interesting as they could have been made if the handicapper had informed himself a little more accurately on the speed of the entries. Scratch man in these events was, as a rule, handicapped out of all hope of winning. A most notable individual performance was that of F. J. Titus—a professional in fact, but a Class "B" man by the grace of the L. A. W.—who tied the American (Johnson's) five-mile record. He was paced by a machine ridden by four men, which is generally alluded to as a "quad," and the figures for the five miles were: one mile, $2.07\frac{1}{5}$; two miles, $4.06\frac{3}{5}$; three miles, $6.09\frac{4}{5}$; four miles, $8.16\frac{1}{5}$; five miles, $10.22\frac{3}{5}$. Previous to this, Bald of Buffalo had won the quarter-mile championship in $33\frac{3}{5}$ seconds, and Zimmerman, with no preparation, had ridden a mile on a one-third-mile track in 1.57, paced by a "quad." Fancy such time, and only a little over a year ago we were discussing the possibilities of a man on a wheel equalling the fastest time of a trotting-horse! The most interesting performance of the meet to me was that in which four men on a "quad" established a world's record of $1.50\frac{3}{5}$ for a mile. It was covering a mile at an extraordinary pace, but it was nevertheless only $6\frac{1}{5}$ seconds faster than Zimmerman had gone the same distance, and $5\frac{3}{5}$ seconds slower than Dirnberger's record, and showed the strength and speed of two legs as compared with eight. The most unpleasant sight of the week was two children, aged four and six respectively, pitted for a third-mile race. Prevention-of-Cruelty-to-Children Gerry could do something useful here. The most incongruous sight of the week was the half-mile championship, in which Class A and B men raced one another without damage to the former's amateur status. For ramifications of the amateur definition commend me to the L. A. W.

THE LAWN-TENNIS SEASON of the middle West has emphasized the prowess of the Neel brothers—Carr and S. R.—who have, in fact, carried off all the honors. Together they won the Western doubles championship, beating Ware and Scudder in three straight sets, 7–5, 6–3, 6–4, and singly Carr won the championship from S. R. by a score of 6–1, 6–4, 3–6, 6–3. Both the Neels had previously defeated the Wrenns, who were considered, and indeed are, among the strongest Western players. C. Neel beat G. Wrenn, 6–2, 3–6, 6–1, and S. Neel beat E. Wrenn, 6–2, 8–6. The opening tournament was that of the Chicago Tennis Club, which was won by Carr Neel, defeating Chase, the then Western champion, 4–6, 6–3, 6–3, 10–8. In the same tournament E. Wrenn beat S. Neel in two straight sets that were hotly contested.

The Wrenns, particularly Evarts, show some improvement over last year, but the Neels show greater, and both pairs of brothers have passed the old-timers, Chase and Ryerson. The Neels and the Wrenns will undoubtedly be seen at Newport, and the former pair, as Western doubles champion, will meet the Eastern team at Narragansett Pier the week preceding Newport. Though the double play of the Chicago brothers has greatly improved, it cannot yet win from Hobart and Hovey, if the latter are in form. While an upset in doubles, therefore, does not seem likely—assuming, of course, the present U. S. champions are in form—the presence of the Neels and Wrenns at Newport is going to change present calculations a bit in the singles. However, of that more anon. Meanwhile lawn-tennis in the West is moving forward, and the average of skill increasing considerably. No small credit of this is due to the recent organization of the Western Association, which has declared its mission to be the encouragement of the game, and has gone about its work with rare judgment. The officers are: president, Victor Elting, Chicago; vice-president, F. T. Heffelfinger, Minneapolis; secretary and treasurer, J. P. Gardner; executive committee, Dixon, Neel, Paddock, and Havirstick.

NEARER HOME, THE ROCHESTER (N. Y.) TOURNAMENT brings to the front another player, F. K. Ward, who seems to be in a fair way towards fulfilling the promise he gave several years ago. Ward entered the Newport tournament in '93, I think, and his club for sending him was held up as a worthy example for other clubs to follow. Ward made a creditable showing, but has since never been heard of beyond the city limits of Rochester. He has just now won the home tournament, beating E. P. Fischer, 7–5, 5–7, 6–3, 6–1, whom some have put forth as a coming man, and the victory—despite the excuses of lighter racket, etc., urged for Fischer—proves Ward good enough to enter Newport. It is only by the meeting of the sectional cracks at Newport that we shall raise the average of our national form.

OVER A COURSE LAID FROM "SCOTLAND" LIGHT-SHIP fifteen miles to windward and return *Defender* beat *Vigilant* last Saturday 2 minutes and 45 seconds elapsed time in a breeze ranging from 10 to 15, and for a time possibly 18 to 20 knots. It was the first of the two races we have been expecting to reveal *Defender's* prowess (the second is being sailed Monday, while we are on the press), and the first real test between the old and the new *America's* Cup defender. The contest proved conclusively that *Defender* is superior to *Vigilant* on every point of sailing, but just how many minutes faster she is in thirty miles no one can say until the two have had several more trials. Until that question is answered, and we have figured accurately how much the recent changes in *Vigilant* have improved her speed, we shall remain very much in doubt as to *Defender's* chances of success against *Valkyrie*. We have seen enough, however, to know positively that *Defender* sails closer to the wind, slips through the water with less commotion, is steadier, very much quicker in stays, and altogether the handsomest yacht upon which we have yet centred our hopes for the defence of the *America's* Cup.

THE WEATHERLY CONDITIONS on Saturday were probably a bit better than the average for the last half-dozen Cup races. There was a fine club-topsail breeze that remained steady throughout, and which at its strongest made just enough of a sea to emphasize the clean entrance of *Defender's* bows. It was in this particular and in the less-troubled wake that one remarked the greatest difference between the two yachts. *Defender* moved through the water with astonishing quiet; her bow wave, besides being very much smaller than *Vigilant's*, was turned up considerably farther aft, while her stern left little more commotion than that of a 40-footer. So far as their appearance is concerned, it requires close scrutiny to distinguish one from the other. In the matter of canvas, the greater sail spread of *Defender* is not impressive, beyond the gaff being peaked up much higher, and the head of her club-topsail set at a lesser angle with the boom, which makes that sail a veritable sky-scraper.

Defender's rapidity at getting headway and the ease with which she glides through the water were noticeable at the very start. Crossing the line only 25 seconds ahead and to leeward of *Vigilant*, *Defender* filled away so quickly that within a half-minute she crossed *Vigilant's* bows with a couple of lengths to spare. *Vigilant* held her course until *Defender* made another tack, when she also went about, and in the series of short boards which followed, *Defender* secured the weather position, and quite a lead. There was no time from the start that the *Defender* was not outsailing *Vigilant*, and when the position of the yachts made comparison possible, it was patent to all on-lookers that *Defender* was pointing higher and standing up more stiffly, while she gained from 10 to 20 seconds in stays. Several times *Defender* crossed the bows of *Vigilant*, and on each occasion with a markedly increased lead. Whether the breeze lightened or strengthened, *Defender* continued to leave *Vigilant*, until, when about 3 miles from the turning buoy, she made a long and apparently unnecessary tack in-shore, and lost at least half the advantage she had gained. Whatever the occasion may have been, that tack cost *Defender* about four minutes. She rounded the mark 2 minutes and 4 seconds before *Vigilant*, having made the fifteen miles dead to windward in 2 hours 4 minutes 5 seconds, and sailed 1 minute 40 seconds faster than her rival in that distance. On the run home *Defender* gained 41 seconds, and completed the thirty miles in 3 hours 18 minutes 21 seconds, to *Vigilant's* 3 hours 21 minutes 25 seconds, the fastest times ever made over a similar course in these waters. Neither boat having been measured, it is not possible to give corrected time, but the idea prevails that *Defender's* win is by seconds only.

NOTWITHSTANDING THE SPLENDID ALL-ROUND SHOWING of *Defender* we have seen nothing yet to make us confident of the result when she meets *Valkyrie*. On the contrary, the prospect is a bit too English to suit this department. None of us have anything very tangible upon which to hang our arguments, but what little there is seems to emphasize the prowess of *Valkyrie*.

If we knew how much faster *Vigilant* is now than she was last year when racing against *Britannia*, our relief or distress would be great. If she is as much faster as she is quicker in stays, her improvement is considerable. One of the best-informed yachtsmen in this country, in discussing the subject with me, said he considered *Vigilant's* speed to have been increased from 6 to 7 minutes. In the last Cup races, with a 25 to 30 knot breeze and a fairly heavy sea, *Vigilant* consumed 2 h. 8 m. 35 sec. in beating 15 miles to windward; Saturday she took 2 h. 5 m. 44 sec. in a breeze not over 20 knots and no sea to speak of. Assuming *Vigilant* to be 6 minutes faster this year, though I cannot quite figure it out, and further assuming if *Defender* had not stood so long on that tack in-shore Saturday, she would have beaten *Vigilant* about 6 minutes, we reach the supposititious conclusion that *Defender* is 12 minutes faster than was *Vigilant* last year. On July 6th, over a 25-mile beat to windward and return, and with a club-topsail breeze, *Valkyrie III.* defeated *Britannia* 19 minutes. We may comfort ourselves, however, with the knowledge that *Valkyrie* had all the canvas she could carry, while *Defender* Saturday had less than she can and will carry, and it was her maiden effort. It is too early to judge *Defender*.

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